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ORSON WELLES #4

*The Day to Santiago*

THIRD REVISED CONTINUITY

MARCH 25, 1941

39

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*when you have finished with it.*

ORSON WELLES #4

3RD REVISED CONTINUITY

3/25/41

39

3/25/41

*Received from*

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RKO RADIO PICTURES, INC.

ORSON WELLES #4

3RD REVISED CONTINUITY

NOTE

My part in this story has  
no name. The character  
will therefore be referred  
to in the first person.

O.W.

ORSON WELLES #4

FOREWORD

MEXICO IS MORE THAN OUR NEAREST NEIGHBOR. IT  
SHARES WITH US THE AMERICAN DREAM OF FREEDOM.  
IT'S HISTORY, LIKE OURS, IS THE STORY OF THE  
FIGHT FOR THAT FREEDOM - AND THE FIGHT FOR  
FREEDOM HAS NOT ENDED . . .

ORSON WELLES #4

FADE IN

INT. BARE ROOM - NIGHT

1 My face fills the frame.

ME

I don't know who I am.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal me seated in the middle of a big, bare, whitewashed room, dressed only in a sheet. I am surrounded by a lot of men, representatives of nearly every race. With a sudden rush of sound, they begin firing questions at me.

MEN

Where did you come from?  
When did you arrive?  
Who attacked you?  
How did you get into the country?

These and more questions in as many languages as there are men to speak them: -- Spanish, German, French, Italian, English and Japanese. I don't know any of the answers.

ME

I don't know who I am. I don't  
know my name. I don't know  
where I come from.

The burst of questions on which the scene opens was clearly a last, angry attempt to make me talk. Now my inquisitors give up. They start out of the room.

ONE OF THEM

Well, I guess he won't say  
anything even if he can.

Nobody argues this.

ANOTHER

Can you really lose your memory  
just like that -- from one  
little sock on the head?

(CONTINUED)

ANOTHER

Evidently.

ANOTHER

Think he's lying?

ANOTHER

No way of finding out.

More of the same in other languages. They leave. An Englishman stops at the door and looks me up and down.

THE ENGLISHMAN

(the best old-  
school-tie  
righteous  
indignation)

Swine!

He exits. The remainder follow him, except one, a Mexican named Gonzales. There is a funny, intense sort of smile screwed into Gonzales' face. He turns slowly back into the room. He approaches me, offers me a cigarette.

GONZALES

You remember how to smoke?

ME

Thanks.

I take the cigarette and he lights it for me, his face close to mine. I see nothing in his expression but malicious curiosity. I turn and search the eyes of the little police surgeon across the room.

ME (cont'd)

You're the doctor, aren't you?

Silence from the doctor.

ME (cont'd)

What's wrong with me?

DOCTOR

Consigase un interprete.

GONZALES

Que tiene, doctor.

1 (CONTINUED)

DOCTOR  
Concusion cerebral que ha  
ocasionado amnesia.

Gonzales hasn't taken his eyes from me and he's still  
grinning.

GONZALES  
I guess you're not lying.

I still look at the doctor.

ME  
What's wrong with me?

GONZALES  
Loss of memory. They call it  
amnesia. You're lucky you're  
alive.  
(calls across  
to an official --  
one of several)  
When you found him, did he have  
any papers - passport or  
anything?

No reaction to this question, so he tries it in  
abbreviated Spanish.

GONZALES (cont'd)  
Documentos?

OFFICIAL  
(shortly)  
No.

Gonzales whistles -- a long low whistle.

GONZALES  
Man without a country!  
(the grin  
returns as  
he looks  
back at me)  
Any money?  
(to the  
official)  
Dinero?

OFFICIAL  
No.

(CONTINUED)

Concusion cerebral que ha  
ocasionado amnesia.

Johnson hasn't taken his eyes from me and he's still  
grinning.

JOHNSON  
I guess you're not lying.

I still look at the doctor.

ME  
What's wrong with me?

JOHNSON  
Loss of memory. They call it  
amnesia. You're lucky you're  
alive.  
(calls across  
to an official -  
one of several)  
When you found him, did he have  
any papers - passport or  
anything?

No reaction to this question, so he tries it in  
abbreviated Spanish.

JOHNSON (cont'd)  
Documentos?

OFFICIAL  
(shortly)  
No.

Johnson whistles -- a long, low whistle that says "Well!"

JOHNSON  
Man without a country!  
(the grin  
returns as  
he looks  
back at me)  
Any money?  
(to the  
official)  
Dinero?

OFFICIAL  
No.

(CONTINUED)

## 1 (CONTINUED)

I'm still looking at the doctor.

ME  
Will I get well?

Gonzales hasn't been listening to me.

GONZALES  
-- Not a thing to your name. --  
It's quite a name though.

I turn to Gonzales.

ME  
What is it?

GONZALES  
(to the  
official)  
Who attacked him? -- Quien le  
ataquo?

OFFICIAL  
Quien sabe?

GONZALES  
(to himself)  
I'm no radical, but I get their  
point. They must still think  
they killed you. -- Wait'll  
they find out it didn't take!  
(the smile  
goes)  
I can use you.

I look at him.

GONZALES (cont'd)  
I'm a newspaperman. New York  
Times -- but I'm a Mexican..  
Those were all newspapermen who  
were asking you questions. --  
Only difference is I know the  
answers. Are you hungry?

ME  
(slowly)  
I haven't eaten -- since --

(CONTINUED)

GONZALES

I'll buy you dinner and a nice dress suit, if you'll come with me to a party.

ME

Why -- ?

GONZALES

Just because. -- I want you to get friendly with the most beautiful girl in the world. How does that strike you?

ME

(with the first approach to anything like a smile)

All right.

GONZALES

She's got a boy friend, That's who I'm after. I wanta talk to him -- he's a very unavailable customer -- and very unpopular.  
(to the official)

Se puede ir Bajo mi responsabilidad?

OFFICIAL

Si, pero lo esperaremos manana en el Departamento de Relaciones. Por supuesto, lo deportaran.

GONZALES

They're going to deport you. Meanwhile, you might just as well see the sights.

I rise -- a pause. Then urgently:

ME

Ask the doctor if I'll ever get well.

Gonzales looks at me for a minute -- then, to the doctor:

GONZALES

Recuperara?

DOCTOR

Quien sabe? Algunas veces en estos casos no es possible dormir. -- Finalmente, se despiertan y se acuerdan de todo.

ME

What does he say?

GONZALES

He says maybe.

ME

Is that all?

GONZALES

After you'd had some sleep maybe. People sometimes regain their memory after they sleep, he says. You may have trouble sleeping -- if you do, that's a good sign.

(he grins -

I take  
his eye)

Still -- I guess you're lucky if you don't. You've got a past anybody'd like to forget. But I'm not prejudiced. Let's shake hands. My name's Gonzales.

He takes my hand. The grin again.

GONZALES (cont'd)

--- I know yours.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. THE PRESIDENT'S PALACE - NIGHT

2

The President's Reception on the night of the Grito. Beautiful women, beautifully dressed. -- Every race in the world, every color, is represented here. Americans, English, Germans, Russians, Orientals, Spaniards, and, of course, a predominance of Mexicans. The men are diplomats, big businessmen, politicians, labor leaders and correspondents. A brilliant gathering. For some mysterious but evidently good reason I am a sensation.

I am stared at -- room is made for me -- I am muttered and whispered about -- I am even hissed. Gonzales leads me about through all this, looking very pleased with himself.

GONZALES

Now remember you're part of the bargain. -- Whatever I say -- whatever I claim about you -- don't contradict me.

We proceed through the party; my effect on the guests is progressively drastic.

GONZALES (cont'd)

You know, you're more fun to go out with than most celebrities. Any minute, for instance, somebody might throw a bomb at us. Or what's worse for me, you might start remembering things. Maybe you've remembered something already and you aren't telling me. --- Still sure you don't know your name?

ME

What's my name?

I'm not joking -- I want to know. Gonzales shakes his head.

GONZALES

Uh uh! -- That might remind you of things.

ELENA'S VOICE

Mr. Kellar!

Elena is standing before us. Gonzales is perfectly right about her, she is the most beautiful girl in the world.

GONZALES

Senorita Elena Medina -- may I  
present Mr. Kellar?

ME

(under my  
breath)

Kellar!

But I'm looking into her eyes. -- Gonzales is watching  
me closely.

GONZALES

-- Lindsey Kellar --

ELENA

We heard of your accident. We  
had no idea you were in the  
country.

A slight pause.

ELENA (cont'd)

This is the last place we  
expected to find you -- the  
President's Reception.

Of course I have no answer to this. I merely look at her.

ELENA (cont'd)

The General's presence here is  
in itself an embarrassment to  
the President. As we wished  
it to be. But you! -- Mr.  
Kellar -- isn't this a mistake?

General Torres has walked into the scene. He weighs 425  
pounds and looks like a pock-marked bullfrog. The  
general is a military attache from a Central American  
country. He stares fishily at me and says suddenly and  
sharply to Elena!

TORRES

Vete de alli.

GONZALES

General Torres -- Mr. Lindsey  
Kellar.

Still with the submarine glare, Torres looks past me to  
the leering Gonzales.

(CONTINUED)

GONZALES (cont'd)

-- Or do you two know each other?

TORRES

Quien es este hombre?

GONZALES

My name is Gonzales. I'm Kellar's friend. He made me take him here. Didn't you, Kellar? Kellar -- tell the General I'm your friend.

The General turns away. He doesn't leave; he just stands there looking across the room as though he weren't with us but just happened to be near.

ELENA

(to me)

We mustn't be seen here talking together, Mr. Kellar. You'll communicate with us tomorrow.

GONZALES

No - no - no! Mr. Kellar wants to talk now, don't you, Mr. Kellar?

ELENA

(to me)

Must this man be here?

GONZALES

(quickly -

insistently)

Go on - tell them you want me to stay. Tell them I'm your friend.

ME

(slowly)

He's -- my friend.

GONZALES

See! We're friends -- good friends -- great friends. Why I'm in Mr. Kellar's confidence. Mr. Kellar's told me everything.

Torres looks quickly at me and then away again.

(CONTINUED)

ELENA

(slowly)

What have you told him, Mr.  
Kellar?

I?

ME

GONZALES

(interrupting)

Mr. Kellar was pretty badly  
hurt -- in the head. It's  
had an interesting effect --  
it's made him talkative --  
very -- that was a break for  
me because you see I'm a  
newspaperman. Maybe you and  
the General might like to  
add something to all Mr. Kellar's  
told me -- before I send it in  
on the wires.

A pause -- a long one. Elena looks at me. I look  
anxiously at Gonzales who is sweating. Finally Torres  
speaks. He doesn't turn, he still looks out across  
the party.

TORRES

What has he told you?

GONZALES

It goes something like this,  
General. It seems you and  
some friends of yours -- some  
bankers over here and some  
boys over there across the  
Atlantic are fixing to change  
things. They usually call it  
a revolution. Anyway, you're  
gonna change things. Right?

ELENA.

(with a  
nervous  
smile)

Rumors.

(CONTINUED)

JOHNSON

I've got facts -- Kellar's facts.

ELENA

What sort of facts?

JOHNSON

Facts. I'll trade them for some more. For instance, I know where your money comes from, and I know where you're dumping your ammunition.

ELENA

(with a  
phoney  
amused  
smile)

Ammunition?

JOHNSON

Ammunition, senorita. That means guns and bullets to put in the guns. -- Oh, and I nearly forgot that secret radio station you're setting up for Mr. Kellar. He told me all about it. Now, here's a word Mr. Kellar kept mentioning. -- See if it means anything to you, General.  
-- Santiago.

ELENA

(with a  
note of  
surprise)

Santiago --

The General doesn't answer. He doesn't turn to look. He just walks away. He watch him go. He's swallowed up by the party. It's a big party.

ELENA (cont'd)

We mustn't talk here -- .  
Later.

JOHNSON

Where?

(CONTINUED)

ELENA  
El Chango. That's a cafe,  
Mr. Kellar. You'll recognize  
the sign of the monkey.

GONZALES  
I'll take him. Will the  
General be there?

ELENA  
Yes.

GONZALES  
What time?

ELENA  
Midnight.

GONZALES  
A very nice melodramatic time  
of day.

ELENA  
You're supplying the melodrama.  
-- El Chango, Mr. Kellar.

ME  
I'll remember the name.

Elena leaves the scene. Gonzales grins at me.

GONZALES  
It looks like a big night.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EL ZOCALO - NIGHT

3

A great crowd waits in the Square. -- Thousands of eager faces turned toward the balcony of the Palace. Gonzales and I come out the gateway. I take in the spectacle.

GONZALES

Here's the place to see the Grito. This is Independence Day, Mr. Kellar. They take it seriously in this country -- independence. Or aren't you interested?

We move slowly through the crowd.

GONZALES (cont'd)

See that balcony? That's where the President will come out. It's time for him now. It's worth waiting for.

ME

Will he make a speech?

GONZALES

A short one -- it's the same speech they make this time every year. They call it the Grito -- that means a cry. See that bell? -- A long time ago there was a priest named Hidalgo who got the people in this country to rise up against some foreigners who were pushing them around. That was another kind of revolution -- not your kind. They had one of them in the United States. But instead of riding around like Paul Revere -- this fellow rang a bell -- that same bell. It was a signal. It told everybody they were free and it was time to do something about it. -- There he is -- the President!

On the balcony, silhouetted against the window, the figure of the President has appeared. A great hush falls on the Square. Then the voice of the President is heard. He gives the Grito. (NOTE: The President's face is never seen. CAMERA being on his back when he gives the Grito.)

PRESIDENT  
Viva Mexico!

THE CROWD  
VIVA!

PRESIDENT  
Viva la Republica!

THE CROWD  
VIVA!

PRESIDENT  
Viva la Revolucion!

THE CROWD  
VIVA! VIVA LA REVOLUCION! VIVA!

The bell is rung. Then like a storm, the love of the people of Mexico for their country becomes suddenly wildly, beautifully articulate. A hurricane of voices -- a typhoon of confetti -- and finally, the fireworks --

GONZALES  
(grinning at my  
startled look)  
Don't worry -- they're just  
celebrating a revolution. --

Together we proceed further into the heart of the Square. Fireworks, fireworks, fireworks! Big giant firecrackers go off under our feet. Suddenly Gonzales turns and looks at me, his eyes very wide.

ME  
What's wrong!

Gonzales tries to answer -- his mouth works but he doesn't say anything. Then he falls to the ground. The crowd congeals around us. I kneel at his side.

ME (cont'd)  
Gonzales -- Gonzales --

I look up, search the faces of the crowd.

ME (cont'd)  
We'll have to get a doctor --  
he's been shot!

DISOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INT. SHOP - NIGHT

4

A lottery and tobacco store just off the plaza. Gonzales is laid out on the floor. There is present a frightened proprietor and a small army of police. I am being questioned. Outside, a mob of curious faces is pressed against the window.

FIRST OFFICIAL

You are Lindsey Kellar?

ME

Yes.

FIRST OFFICIAL

You are a foreign agent?

ME

I -- I --

SECOND OFFICIAL

No tenemos nada que ver en esto.  
Preguntale de delito.

FIRST OFFICIAL

You were with the murdered man  
at the time he was killed?

GONZALES

(from the floor)

I'm not dead yet.

The look the officials exchange says: "You will be seen, señor."

GONZALES (cont'd)

Do you think I'm dying?

They don't answer.

OFFICIAL

(in Spanish)

It's better not to move him.

(CONTINUED)

GONZALES

I know one thing, Kellar -- you're dead already. -- How much further than the front door of this shop do you think you're going to get? -- Ten feet -- twenty -- fifty paces? The finger's on you. First, there's the boys who got at you earlier tonight -- the -- uh -- radical element. They don't like you very much. -- They don't like what you're planning to do to this country. No -- I don't think they'll let you eat breakfast this morning. If you live that long -- but you won't. There's a tougher gang after you now. I suppose I owe you an apology. It's my doing.

ME

I don't understand.

GONZALES

I told General Torres you gave me information about his revolution. You know I lied. He doesn't.

ME

You mean Torres --?

GONZALES

He's gunning for you. His boys are right outside there waiting. And they know how to shoot. It's just my luck they missed you the first time.

FIRST OFFICIAL

Senor -- you'd better not excite yourself. The doctor is on his way.

GONZALES

I'm afraid he won't make it in time, Captain. Mr. Kellar, I practically murdered you, so I guess I deserve this. But you -- you deserve everything you'll get. I wish -- I'd got my story in --

He is dead. I look at him for a while and then turn and walk slowly toward the door. On the other side of the windows I see the curtain of staring faces. I turn back to the first official.

ME

Am I free to go?

FIRST OFFICIAL

Yes, but you'll have to leave the address of your residence.

ME

I haven't any.

FIRST OFFICIAL

(patiently)

Where do you live, senor?

ME

I don't live anywhere.

The officials exchange looks. I am evidently crazy.

FIRST OFFICIAL

(shrugs)

We'll expect you for the investigation in the morning.

ME

(indicating  
Gonzales)

You heard what he said?

FIRST OFFICIAL

Yes, senor.

ME

He said I wouldn't live till morning. He said that shot was meant for me.

FIRST OFFICIAL

We have no reason to believe him.  
Have you, senor?

(CONTINUED)

ME (cont'd)  
You wouldn't like to keep me in  
jail tonight, would you?

FIRST OFFICIAL  
(with a wan smile)  
There is no charge against you.

ME  
You wouldn't charge me as a  
favor --?

Silence.

ME (cont'd)  
No, I guess you wouldn't. I  
guess you think you don't owe  
me anything. -- Am I that bad?

No answer.

FIRST OFFICIAL  
(opening the  
door)  
Good night, senor.

I start out.

FIRST OFFICIAL (cont'd)  
We'll look for you in the  
morning.

ME  
I hope I don't disappoint you.

I leave.

EXT. LOTTERY SHOP AND STREET - NIGHT

5 I come out, the crowd slowly making way. They are to  
such a degree suspicious of me that they manage to look  
unanimously sinister. I move doubtfully in the little  
corridor they leave open for me. With a sudden sharp  
gasp I turn!! My assailant turns out to be a big-eyed  
barefooted child with a lottery ticket in his hand. He  
has edged out from the crowd behind me. He is too young  
to know who I am, or to understand what has happened,  
he just wants to sell a ticket. He has grabbed hold of  
my coat and now refuses to let go. The crowd watches me  
with interest. Desperate, I hand the boy a coin from my  
pocket and get a ticket and my freedom in exchange.

(CONTINUED)

VOICE OF THE GUIDE  
Please! Please, everybody!  
Let's get going! Please!

As I look, the CAMERA CHANGES ANGLE -- shows the crowd giving way a little to allow some American tourists to get into a Wells Fargo sightseeing bus. The guide is politely hustling them.

THE GUIDE (cont'd)  
Everybody - come along! If you  
please! There's lots to see  
yet!

A couple of tourists pass directly in front of me. They are lady school teachers from Woodstock, Illinois. The CAMERA is on me.

THE GUIDE (cont'd)  
Do you mind stepping into the  
bus now, sir - please?

He is very ingratiating. He is standing next to me and has obviously mistaken me for a unit of his party. (My overcoat hides my white tie.) I take him in rather dully for a moment and then follow him to the bus.

#### INT. THE BUS - NIGHT

6 The regular sightseeing affair -- not very new. There is no interior illumination. In the gloom a number of figures can be made out. These are all American tourists. They include the two lady schoolteachers already encountered; seven middle-aged Shriners, complete with fez and cigar; an elderly couple named Levine; Gus Schilling and Shotgun (two hepcats); and Mrs. Mallory's husband, an utterly miserable man, vanquished years ago but unresigned. Finding an empty seat, I sit down.

THE GUIDE  
(his head  
poked into  
the door)  
One - two - three - four - five -  
six - seven - eight - nine --  
(counting the  
passengers)

MR. MALLORY  
Mrs. Mallory isn't here.

SHRINER NO.1  
(repeating)  
Mrs. Mallory isn't here.

SHRINER NO.2  
Who's Mrs. Mallory?

SHRINER NO.1  
I don't know. Man said she  
isn't here.

MR. MALLORY  
I'm married to her.

SCHOOLTEACHER NO.2  
Is that woman lost again?

During this, the guide can be heard in the street,  
calling:

GUIDE  
(calling)  
Mrs. Mallory! Mrs. Mallory!  
Where are you, Mrs. Mallory?  
Are you lost, Mrs. Mallory?

GUS  
(who is sitting  
behind Mr.  
Mallory)  
Why'n't you go look for her,  
Mac?

MR. MALLORY  
Then I'd get lost.

SECOND SCHOOLTEACHER  
This is the third time we've  
had to wait for her.

SHOTGUN  
(to the driver)  
Hey, you! - Bub - where we  
going?

THE DRIVER  
No hablo ingles. Preguntale al  
guia.

SHOTGUN

Oh.

GUS

Hey! -- Don't this tour include  
some night spots?

SHOTGUN

He don't dig me.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Mallory can be heard to approach.

MRS. MALLORY'S VOICE

Everybody! Everybody! Don't  
go 'way, everybody!

By this time she has appeared in the doorway.

MRS. MALLORY (cont'd)

Myron! -- don't go 'way.

MR. MALLORY

(under his  
breath)

Fat chance.

MRS. MALLORY

It's too exciting! Really!

She is something between Mrs. Roosevelt and Katharine  
Hepburn. The schoolteachers are making coos, sighs and  
gasps of disgust.

MRS. MALLORY (cont'd)

(speaks -- by  
habit almost  
continuously)

There's a murder in there!

SHERIFF NO.1

You'd better get in, lady!

GUS

Come on! You're holdin' up  
traffic.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. MALLORY

(on top of Gus)

No, really! I mean it! In that  
quaint little store! A man told  
me all about it! A murder! And  
do you know who's mixed up in it?

MR. MALLORY

Come on, Lillian.

THE GUIDE

(with  
overwhelming  
persuasiveness  
-- flashing  
teeth and all)

We're behind the schedule.

Mrs. Mallory takes in the smile and capitulates.

MRS. MALLORY

You don't know what you're  
missing.

(she says  
this and  
she gets  
in)

There's some sort of a man in  
there laid out with a lot of  
soldiers around him.

The bus starts with a violent jerk and she's thrown into  
the seat next to me. She accompanies this action with a  
shrill whoop.

SHRINER NO. 3

(in a fine  
piercing  
falsetto)

"If you want to be a badger --"

The movement of the bus is all the Shriners need. They  
sing.

THE SHRINERS

"Just come along with me --  
By the bright and shining light  
By the light of the moon --"

(CONTINUED)

THE GUIDE

One - two - three - four - five -  
six - seven - eight ---

SHOTGUN

Hey, Mac! -- How's about the  
night clubs?

(This is what interrupts Mrs. Mallory and the Guide.)

THE GUIDE

That's where we're going, sir.  
First the Independence  
Celebration -- then the night  
life.

(He takes this a little rhapsodically.)

SHOTGUN

You can forget the celebration.

GUS

We seen it already.

SHOTGUN

Oh.

The guide starts to count the passengers again.

GUIDE

One - two - three - four - five -  
six - seven - eight - nine -  
ten - eleven -

MRS. MALLORY

This man was mixed up in it.  
They call him a modern Benedict  
Arnold!

SHOTGUN

Who's that, sister?

MRS. MALLORY

Oh, you know who I mean. That  
man who broadcasts.

GUS

Jack Benny?

MRS. MALLORY

No, not that one. The one who  
broadcasts all those things  
against Britain. You know!  
He's an Englishman himself...  
but he's a traitor.

1ST SCHOOLTEACHER

What's he got to do with it?

MRS. MALLORY

What's he got to do with it?  
My dear - he's the murderer!

MR. MALLORY

Who was murdered, Lillian?

MRS. MALLORY

Oh, I don't know that! But he's  
mixed up in it some way. He was  
right there. I was probably  
standing within a hundred feet  
of him!

GUS

Who -- the stiff?

MRS. MALLORY

No! -- This -- er -- propaganda  
man!

(turns away --  
indignant with  
her own bad  
memory)

Oh --

(turning on me)

You know his name!

ME

No, I don't. I'm sorry.

1ST SCHOOLTEACHER

I know who she means.

The guide proceeds down the aisle - interrupts by coming  
between the conversationalists -- he is still trying to  
count.

GUIDE

Eight - nine - ten - eleven -  
twelve - thirteen ---

Mrs. Mallory seizes the guide by the arm.

MRS. MALLORY  
What do they call him?

THE GUIDE  
I beg your pardon?

MRS. MALLORY  
That Fascist organizer --

THE GUIDE  
(distracted)  
I don't know, Madam. There  
must be lots of them.

MRS. MALLORY  
(interrupting  
him)  
No - the one.

GUS  
Goobels?

MRS. MALLORY  
The one next to him. He turned  
up suddenly here in Mexico this  
afternoon.

MR. MALLORY  
Oh, Lillian.

MRS. MALLORY  
Well, he did and he was killed.

THE GUIDE  
(slowly and  
with emphasis)  
Eleven -- twelve -- thirteen ---

MRS. MALLORY  
Well, not exactly killed. Some  
radical attacked him.

The bus which has come to a halt at an intersection now  
starts up. The singing Shriners, who stopped with the  
bus, now resume.

THE SHRINERS

"If you want to be a badger ---"

MRS. MALLORY

The clerk in the Reforma told me all about it. His picture's in the paper. It was on the cover of Life last week.

During this:

INSERT        The PAPER in my lap.

Prominent on the front page is a four-column photograph of me.

BACK TO SCENE.

MRS. MALLORY (cont'd)

I'd know him anywhere.

THE GUIDE

Twelve - thirteen - fourteen --

The bus jerks to a stop.

THE DRIVER

Aqui estamos.

The Shriners stop singing.

THE GUIDE

Here we are!

(with a sigh)

I hope we haven't left anybody behind.

There is a general murmur as everybody gets up and starts jamming out of the bus. I remain seated.

SHOTGUN

This the night club, Mac?

THE GUIDE

Yes, sir -- one of Mexico City's most famous cabarets.



I.I.I. "I.F. CHANCE" - AT THE  
(First class night club -- not a "dive.")

8 The tourist party, including me, is being herded by the guide and a couple of headwaiters to a big table reserved for us. As we go:

MRS. MALLORY

This is the way to see a country.  
You know, -- get right under its  
skin!

A flamenco is being sung.

GUS

(to Shotgun)  
Dig that, brother.

Shotgun and Gus are amazed.

THE GUIDE

The entertainers here are  
Spanish -- refugees, you  
understand.

MRS. MALLORY

I hate tourists.

MR. MALLORY

Sit down, Lillian.

She joins the rest at the table.

MRS. MALLORY

I -- --

She has seen me. That is, she has really seen my face for the first time. She takes a long look at me -- her mouth still open ready to speak. Then she closes it. Then she opens it.

GUS

(during  
this)  
What kinda music is that?

FIRST LADY SCHOOL TEACHER

Flamencos.

(CONTINUED)

SHOTGUN

(locking  
upwards)

Where?

Mrs. Mallory is staring hypnotically at me across the table. She makes a sort of hushed, frightened, but at the same time insistent, call to her mate -- a few seats away from her.

MRS. MALLORY

Myron -- Myron --

A headwaiter looms behind the guide.

THE GUIDE

Everybody! What will it be,  
please?

(expansively)

You can order up to five pesos.

Everybody orders.

MR. MALLORY

(over the  
confusion -  
to the  
headwaiter)

Can I have a double scotch and  
pay for it extra?

MRS. MALLORY

Myron!

MR. MALLORY

(by way of  
explanation)

Scotcha-double-a -- Scotcho-  
doubleoo --

MRS. MALLORY

Myron!

MR. MALLORY

(with some  
violence  
and  
vitality)

I want a double scotch!

(CONTINUED)

MRS. MALLORY

(elaborately  
spelling  
out the  
words with  
her mouth)

Across -- from -- you --

MR. MALLORY

(irritably)

What?

MRS. MALLORY

Across ---- from ---- you ----

MR. MALLORY

(suspiciously)

Are you going to be sick?

I am looking at Mrs. Mallory. She catches my eye.

GUE

(who is  
sitting  
next to her -  
sympathetically)

What's wrong with you sister?

A headwaiter - the real captain this time - has come to the table and is standing at my side.

THE CAPTAIN

Excuse me, sir.

ME

Yes?

All the tourists are watching me, Mrs. Mallory still vainly attempting to get Mr. Mallory's attention by wild wavings and pointings.

THE CAPTAIN

There's somebody wishes to see you, sir.

ME

Well?

(CONTINUED)

Mrs. Mallory has extracted her lipstick and has managed to write "MR. EM --" on the tablecloth. A waiter comes to her side and taps her on the shoulder. She screams. The waiter shakes an admonishing finger.

THE CAPTAIN

(to me -  
tactfully)

In the private dining room  
above, sir.

I follow his gaze. Above is a tier of enclosed boxes, like the Diamond Horseshoe at the Opera, each containing a table. In one of these sits Elena. She is looking down at me -- she is alone. I return her gaze. Her face is expressionless. The tourists follow my look. Gus makes one of those low whistles peculiar to poolroom boys. Shotgun clucks appreciatively in his teeth.

SHOTGUN

Looker--looker!

My eyes still on the box, I start a way from the table towards the stairs. As I go:

MR. MALLORY

(turning to  
his wife)

Who's that?

INT. STAIRS - NIGHT

9 I mount them slowly.

INT. THE PRIVATE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

10 Below we can see the floor of the cabaret and the stage upon which the entertainment is proceeding. Elena has turned slightly away from me. On the table before her is a copy of the newspaper with my picture.

ELENA

(without  
turning)

Stay where you are. -- Sit down  
near the wall. There's no need  
to show yourself.

I sit down.

(CONTINUED)

ELENA (cont'd)  
You're late, Mr. Kellar.

ME  
So's the General.

ELENA  
He's been detained. And Sencor  
Gonzales?

ME  
Detained. -- Something tells me  
I'm going to have to be clever.

ELENA  
But of course you will be, Mr.  
Kellar. You're one of the  
cleverest men in the world.

ME  
I'm glad to hear that. --- Are  
you in love with him?

ELENA  
The General? Why do you ask?

ME  
Are you in love with him?

She is hard to get at.

ELENA  
Are you in love with me?

I return her mysterious smile.

ME  
Yes -- if it'll do any good.

ELENA  
(without  
the smile)  
It won't do any good.

ME  
How long do you think I have to  
live?

(CONTINUED)

ELENA

You're safe at this table.

ME

Gonzales' death was an accident, wasn't it?

ELENA

A very unfortunate one.

ME

Tell me the truth.

ELENA

Why shouldn't I?

ME

But why an accident? -- He knew facts -- didn't he? -- and names and places.

ELENA

Gonzales might have talked to other people before this. He may have written his story already and it might have been found.

ME

And I?

ELENA

You are the paid agent of a belligerent power not even your own country.

ME

Yes -- my services are fairly valuable; aren't they -- as a -- propagandist? I wonder if the government I work for would like to hear its ally tried to kill me. -- Suppose I went to the Consulate?

ELENA

You won't get across the street.

I get an idea.

(CONTINUED)

ME  
Wait a minute! "Gonzales might  
have talked to other people  
before this." -- Isn't that  
what you said?

ELENA  
Yes --

ME  
Then you know! You know I  
didn't talk! You know he didn't  
get his information from me!

She doesn't answer.

ME (cont'd)  
(almost  
laughing)  
Of course I love you! I'm  
wild about you! You're  
going to save my life!

ELENA  
On the contrary. You deserve  
what you're going to get.

Pause.

ME  
I've heard that before tonight.  
-- That's what Gonzales said  
before he died. -- I've got to  
think! I'm "one of the  
cleverest men in the world." -  
Are you sure of that?

ELENA  
I'm sure of that.

ME  
I'd better be! I'm "safe at  
this table." All right - I'll  
stay here. Try and get me  
away! -- Can I have a drink?

She pushes a buzzer.

ME (cont'd)  
It's funny -- I know things  
like that.

ELENA  
What things?

ME  
Like ordering a drink. I've  
never ordered a drink in my  
life. I haven't lived long.  
I'm only five hours old. And  
yet I know about drinks -- and  
words nobody ever explained to  
me mean something. "Fascist,"  
for instance. That's what they  
called me on the bus. --  
"Fascist organizer."

The waiter comes in.

ELENA  
What will you have, Mr. Kellar?

I look blank for a minute and then snap my fingers and  
grin.

ME  
Beer. You see?  
(enjoying  
the word)  
Beer.

ELENA  
Nothing for me.

The waiter bows and goes. I'm still grinning. We look  
at each other.

ELENA (cont'd)  
Still thinking?

ME  
Uh huh.

Another silence. We go on looking at each other. I've  
got her on the defensive.

(CONTINUED)

ME (cont'd)  
Why did you come here?

ELENA  
We had an appointment.

ME  
You thought I wouldn't keep it.

ELENA  
I'd heard you might.

ME  
You heard that Gonzales stopped  
my bullet. -- The General's  
gunmen are outside, so they  
didn't get me coming in. I was  
with a crowd of American tourists.  
The General isn't here. No!  
He doesn't want to be involved!

Each sentence is a new idea, expressed with mounting  
excitement.

ME (cont'd)  
He's going to pin my murder on  
the radicals... the ones that got  
me this afternoon. I don't  
know your politics here, but I've  
got that figured out. There's  
Torres. -- There's Mexico. --  
And then there're some others.  
Maybe they're Mexico too. It  
doesn't matter. They hate me  
because I belong with Torres.  
Torres wants me dead because he  
thinks I've lost my mind as well  
as my memory. I've got to prove  
to Torres I'm sane -- that I  
didn't give that information to  
Gonzales. You know I didn't.  
You're my trump card.

(with a quick  
laugh)

How do I know about a trump card?  
Maybe I'm getting back my memory!

ELENA  
For your sake I hope you don't.

(CONTINUED)

ME

I've heard that too. What is it  
I wouldn't like to remember?  
Fascism? You shouldn't think so.  
Murder? Maybe I've committed  
murder.

ELENA

Among other things.

The smile fades from my face. I stare at her.

ME

Everything falls into place. I  
understand everything -- except  
you. -- What's Fascism?

ELENA

Can't you remember that?

ME

I'd like you to tell me. What's  
Fascism?

ELENA

This is hardly the time to  
talk politics, Mr. Kellar.

ME

I've got nothing to lose. You  
might grant a dying man his last  
request. I'm a Fascist. What  
does that mean?

ELENA

(very quietly -  
with great  
sincerity)

It means tyranny. It means  
everything that isn't human or  
beautiful. It means -- it  
means the ant hill. -- Darkness  
and death.

ME

(after a  
moment --  
with a slow  
smile)

And you work for Torres?

(CONTINUED)

ELENA

I work for the Republic.

ME

I remember another word I shouldn't know about. -- Spy.

ELENA

It's not a nice word. I prefer patriot.

ME

Now I've got something I can use! Do you realize I was born into the world five hours ago -- like a baby - defenseless? No money - no mind - nothing? - Now I've got something to fight with.

ELENA

You won't live to use it. I've told you the place is surrounded. They won't let you near enough to speak to them.

ME

Suppose you're lying? Suppose they don't know where I am? You made the date for us to meet here. Maybe you didn't tell Torres? Maybe you just came here to try to get me to talk? You know -- spy work -- in your capacity as patriot.

ELENA

(this is  
obviously  
the truth)

Yes -- I came here to get you to talk. I wasn't sure it was true you'd lost your memory.

ME

Then Torres doesn't know I'm here. Suppose I get to a phone and tell him all about your patriotism?

ELENA

Do you think you could get him on a phone?

(CONTINUED)

ME

I'm not going to try to find out.

ELENA

No?

ME

I've got a proposition.

The waiter comes in with a beer. Silence while he puts it down and leaves.

ELENA

What's your proposition?

I drink the beer to the bottom.

ME

I like beer.

(I put the  
glass down)

General Torres is planning a revolution. He's made a deal with the country I work for, the way I understand it, and they want a Fascist Mexico. -- I was sent here --

(this stops  
me)

Why was I sent here?

(smiling)

You might as well tell me.

ELENA

There's a war in Europe. Do you remember that?

ME

(slowly and with  
no particular  
expression)

War --

ELENA

There's one in China too. Almost everyone's in it and they're fighting it with words as much as bombs. -- Poison words -- like poison gas. (cont'd)

ELLEN (cont'd)

That's why you're so important.  
Words are your job, Mr. England.  
-- The radio. But you aren't  
any use against your country any  
more. They've stopped listening.  
So your -- your employers decided  
to send you here to help Torres.

ME

But your language, I --

ELENA

A hundred and thirty million  
people speak English in this  
hemisphere. What they think  
matters. Besides, you're  
experienced. And I told you  
you were clever.

ME

Can I have another beer?

She presses the buzzer.

ME (cont'd)

I see how I'm dangerous to  
Torres. If the bump on the head  
your friends gave me has affected  
my mind, I'm the worst thing  
that could happen to him.

The waiter comes in.

ELENA

Otra cerveza, por favor.

ME

I hope you're just ordering me  
another beer. I've got an idea  
and I'd hate to be poisoned  
before I tell it to you.

ELENA

Para mi nada.

The waiter goes. She turns back to me.

ME

I trust you -- why not trust me?

(CONTINUED)

Why should I?

ELENA

ME  
The munitions are in Santiago.

ELENA  
(slowly)  
-- Santiago --

ME  
(quickly)  
Didn't you know that?

ELENA  
I knew everything but the name  
-- the exact place. The General  
kept his secrets very well.

ME  
Santiago --. That's what  
Gonzales said -- you see, I've  
got a good memory. What I can't  
remember is whom I murdered --.  
And all the other things you say  
I wouldn't like to know about  
myself. You know, -- it's funny,  
but I believe what you say about  
Fascism. I can't remember what  
I liked about it. I guess  
Fascism is something that happens  
to you -- like disease. I guess  
everybody is born - innocent.  
Well, I was born this afternoon.  
Maybe I'd like to redeem myself.  
Anyway, I'm willing to go to this  
Santiago, wherever it is, and  
blow up the munitions dump. I've  
got a better idea. I'll speak on  
that radio Gonzales spoke about  
and tell everybody in America  
about Torres and who's behind  
him. Would that stop him?

ELENA  
Yes --. Do you think I believe  
you'd do that?

ME  
You might risk it.

ELENA  
It's too big a risk.

(CONTINUED)

There is a "pistolero" -- a gunman -- at the door.

PISTOLERO

Senorita...El General Torres  
quisiera verla a Usted y al  
senor en su automovil. Esta  
esperando afuera.

ME

What's that?

ELENA

(slowly)

General Torres -- he's waiting  
outside for us in his car.

She is scared to death. The waiter comes in with the  
beer. I rise, but take the beer.

ME

I used up my spending money on  
the evening newspaper. You'll  
have to pay for this.

She takes money out of her purse and leaves it on the  
table. I drink my beer.

ME (cont'd)

Thanks.

I put down the glass. We start out with the "pistolero."

INT. STAIRWAY - NIGHT

11 We descend.

EXT. "EL CHANGO" - NIGHT

12 I have my coat and hat. I help Elena with her wrap.  
We're both obviously stalling. Across the street waits  
a big black limousine. Finally, we cross to it. The  
pistoleros hold open the door. The General is waiting  
inside. Elena eyes him. There is nothing to be read  
from his look. She gets in, sits down next to him. I  
follow her and sit down on the other side of the General.  
The pistoleros close the door and crowd in the front with  
the driver. The car starts.

INT. THE CAR - NIGHT

13 Elena and I wait for the General to speak.

TORRES  
I don't like that cafe.

ME  
Nice music.

TORRES  
I don't like Spanish music.

Another silence.

ME  
I do.

ELENA  
Mr. Kellar has something to tell  
you, General. I don't expect  
you to believe him. Unfortunately,  
his mind --

Torres pays no attention to what she says.

TORRES  
You didn't tell me you were  
going to meet tonight -- you  
two. I could have found you a  
better place.

ME  
Oh, didn't you know, General?  
I was afraid you weren't invited.  
How did you find us?

TORRES  
What were you going to tell me?

ELENA  
I have something to tell you.

TORRES  
Me?

ELENA  
Gonzales mintio. El no dijo nada.  
Tuvo otra fuente para sus informes.  
(CONTINUED)

TORRES

Es verdad?

ELENA

Si. Absolutamente. Le juro.

ME

It's rude to speak a language  
your friends don't understand.

TORRES

She says Gonzales lied. You gave  
him no information. She says  
Gonzales was just trying to use  
you to make me talk for the  
newspapers. Please accept my  
apologies.

ME

For speaking in Spanish?

TORRES

For speaking in Spanish.

ELENA

A donde vamos?

TORRES

She asked where we're going.  
We're going to the airport.  
What were you going to tell me?

ME

I was going to ask your help,  
General. I want to go to  
Santiago.

TORRES

That's where you're going.

EXT. THE AIRPORT - NIGHT

14 At the plane - warming up.

TORRES

We don't allow night flying in Mexico, but you're an exception. You'll be met in Poza Baja. That's as far as the plane goes. You'll be given clothes and a guide. You must proceed through the jungle to Santiago. That's the only way.

ME

Thanks.

TORRES

Talk to no one till you get there. No one.

ME

I won't.

AIRPORT OFFICIAL

(walking  
into the  
picture)

Estamos listos, senor.

TORRES

Good luck to your enterprise.

ME

Thanks.

I turn to Elena.

ELENA

I wish you the same.

I kiss her hand; turn and get into the plane.

TORRES

Por supuesto, no le crei.  
Esta loco y muy peligroso.

(CONTINUED)

15 (CONTINUED)

ELENA

Quieres decir que no le tienes  
confianza.

TORRES

. Lo mataran en la selva.

15a TIGHT CLOSEUP of Elena's face filled with horror at what  
the General has said. The plane takes off. Its lights  
disappear into the darkness.

16 EXT. NIGHT SKY - THE PLANE.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. LANDING FIELD - POZA BAJA - EARLY DAWN

- 17 A clearing which serves as a landing field in the little village of Poza Baja. The sky is dark with rain clouds hanging ominously over the first glow of day. The plane lands. Low thunder. A few feverish flashes of heat lightning.

EXT. LA TIENDA GENERAL - DAWN

- 18 The building is barred up for the night. I pound on the door. I wait. I pound again. Still no answer. Finally I turn and start across the little plaza toward the landing field beyond. The plane is warming up. I wave.

ME

Hey! -- Hey!

The plane is taxiing around. I start toward it.

ME (cont'd)

Hey! --

The plane takes off. I stop -- watch it disappear in the darkness. I turn and look back at the village, a collection of mud buildings - silent and empty-looking in the dawn.

EXT. ONE OF THE HUTS - DAWN

- 19 I come up to the door and shout - at first tentatively, then quite loudly.

ME

Hey! -- Wake up in there!

A tiny little Indian waif appears, blinking sleepily - then another and another. They stare at me. Then an old hag comes to the door. I have brought out a note.

ME (cont'd)

(consulting  
the note)

Jesus Maria Torreon? Where does  
he live?

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN

No se que esta diciendo. Vayase.  
No tiene nada que ver aqui.

She says this angrily and then glares dully at me.  
Silence except for the thunder. A man appears in the  
door of the house across the way, a little further down  
the road.

THE MAN

Oiga - que quiere?

ME

I'm looking for a man. Can you  
tell me where he lives? Jesus  
Maria Torreon.

The man points down the road to a house somewhat removed  
from the others.

ME (cont'd)

Thank you.

I start toward the house. The man and woman and her  
children stare after me. I approach the house. The  
door is open. I call into the darkness.

ME (cont'd)

Jesus Maria Torreon!

JESUS MARIA'S VOICE

(from inside -  
a hoarse  
craak)

Quiubo?

ME

Jesus Maria Torreon? Is that  
your name?

JESUS MARIA

Pase.

I enter the house.

20

I push away a little curtain on a string. Dimly outlined in the flicker of a wick burning in a pot of oil, I make out the figure of Jesus Maria Torreon, a very bad looking man, very drunk. He sits on the bed from which he has just risen, fully dressed. He has only one arm. With this, he holds a pistol which he points at me.

ME

Why didn't you meet me at the plane?

JESUS MARIA

Quien es Usted?

ME

You speak English.

JESUS MARIA

Who are you?

ME

I'm Kellar. -- Mr. England.  
Torres sent me.

JESUS MARIA

Who's Torres?

As Jesus Maria talks, he jerks his gun for punctuation

ME

General Torres.

JESUS MARIA

Sit down. I fought with Torres.

I sit down on an old packing box.

ME

You don't need that gun.

Jesus Maria grunts as much as to say it's for him to judge whether or not he needs it.

(CONTINUED)

JESUS MARIA

We were with Villa together.  
He was a good fighter, --  
Torres. -- But not as good as me.

ME

Torres said he'd wired you.

JESUS MARIA

He trusts me. You see this arm?  
(indicates  
the stub)  
I lost it saving his life.

ME

He wants you to guide me to  
Santiago.

JESUS MARIA

Santiago is a long way. It  
would take two days riding --  
maybe three --

ME

I know.

JESUS MARIA

You're not used to sleeping like  
the Indians. You don't like  
beans maybe.

ME

Torres wants you to take me.

JESUS MARIA

When you get to Santiago, there's  
nothing to do but come back.  
Nobody goes there without a  
reason.

ME

That's true.

Jesus Maria has put the gun on the bed beside him, and  
fishing under his legs, pulled out a bottle of tequila.  
He holds it now between his knees and pulls out the  
stopper. It is half full. He takes a swig and holds  
out the bottle to me.

(CONTINUED)

ME (cont'd)

No, thank you.

JESUS MARIA

Then it's not healthy.

ME

I'm not thirsty.

JESUS MARIA

Santiago isn't healthy.

The hut is lit by a flash of blue light. Thunder breaks from the sky and rumbles down the valley. There is rain on the thatched roof.

ME

How unhealthy?

JESUS MARIA

Many ways. There's a lot of malaria.

(raises the  
bottle)

Other ways too.

(takes another  
swig and  
finishes the  
bottle)

ME

Maybe I'm immune.

JESUS MARIA

In Santiago there are things --  
you can't be immune from.

The rain has begun to drip through the thatch. We have to shout to be heard above the sound.

ME

What things?

The lightning shines on the walls, the bed, the bottle. The gunman waits for the thunder to burst and die off with a rumble.

(CONTINUED)

JESUS MARIA

Many.

Now the rain is falling through the thatch in long strings. I get up. A stream has started above my head.

JESUS MARIA (cont'd)

Torres is my friend. How do I know he's yours?

ME

There's a wire -- a telegram -- for you in the Comandancia.

JESUS MARIA

It needs money to go to Santiago.

ME

I have money.

JESUS MARIA

How much?

ME

Enough.

JESUS MARIA

It needs a lot.

I don't answer.

JESUS MARIA (cont'd)

You forget the time, senor.  
You forget the danger.

Something falls on his hair. He brushes it off with his hand. It tumbles into the dust...a bronze insect with quivering lobster-claws.

JESUS MARIA (cont'd)

Alacran! That's a scorpion.  
(stretches  
out his bare  
calloused foot)

ME

Look out! -- It stings!

He presses his foot on the scorpion and grinds it into the earth.

JESUS MARIA

Sting very bad. When it rains they fall from the roof. Always. When shall we start?

ME

Right away.

JESUS MARIA

I'll have to get horses.

ME

You'll get horses and clothes for me -- something I can ride in.

JESUS MARIA

Give me the money.

ME

You bring me the clothes first.

JESUS MARIA

Give me two pesos for a drink.

I give him some change.

ME

Is that enough?

JESUS MARIA

(reaches out his hand)

You have confidence in me, senor.

(leers ingratiatingly)

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INT. COMANDANCIA - DAY

21 Jesus Maria is slumped over a little table, snoring. I have changed my clothes. I am dressed poorly - in the Indian fashion. I am at the counter. The official is a very thin, unhappy looking Mayan with a sweet smile. I have just handed him a message I have written.

OFFICIAL

Oh, yes, senor. I can read it.  
I was fifteen years in  
California. I speak better even  
than Jesus Maria.

We both look at Jesus Maria, who continues to snore.

ME

You're sober anyway.

OFFICIAL

You shouldn't have given him  
money for that tequila. Senor,  
must you go into the jungle?

ME

I must. -- I'll keep him sober.

OFFICIAL

Not too sober. You see when he  
has nothing to drink, he gets  
mad. He's a little mad anyway.  
Chiflado - loco. He must  
drink. I have seen him take a  
man's drink and then shoot him  
because he didn't like the  
drink. If I were you, I  
wouldn't go with him, but if  
I had to go with him -- I think  
it would be best if he was  
never very drunk and never very  
sober.

(looks at  
the message)

This is addressed to Senorita  
Elena Medina.

ME

That's right.

OFFICIAL

What does this mean?

(CONTINUED)

DISSOLVE IN

INT. COMANDANCIA - DAY

21 Jesus Maria is slumped over a little table, snoring. I have changed my clothes. I am dressed poorly - in the Indian fashion. I am at the counter. The official is a very thin, unhappy looking Mayan with a sweet smile. I have just handed him a message I have written.

OFFICIAL

Oh, yes, senor. I can read it. I was fifteen years in California. I speak better even than Jesus Maria.

We both look at Jesus Maria, who continues to snore.

ME

You're sober anyway.

OFFICIAL

You shouldn't have given him money for that tequila. Senor, must you go into the jungle?

ME

I must. -- I'll keep him sober.

OFFICIAL

Not too sober. You see when he has nothing to drink, he gets mad. He must drink. I have seen him take a man's drink and then shoot him because he didn't like the drink. If I were you, I wouldn't go with him, but if I had to go with him -- I think it would be best if he was never very drunk and never very sober.

(looks at the

message)

This is addressed to Senorita Elena Medina.

ME

That's right.

OFFICIAL

What does this mean?

(CONTINUED)

ME  
"Care of -- "

OFFICIAL  
"Care of General Torres." Do  
you think it'll get to her?

ME  
(looking  
at him)  
I hope it will.

OFFICIAL  
There's a wire from Torres for  
Jesus Maria.

ME  
Hasn't he read it yet?

OFFICIAL  
It wasn't ready.

ME  
What?

OFFICIAL  
(slowly)  
Telegrams take time to prepare.

ME  
I don't understand.

OFFICIAL  
I wanted to talk with you  
before I gave it to him. I  
must give him the telegram,  
Senor. That's my duty!

ME  
Why shouldn't you give it to  
him?

OFFICIAL  
Jesus Maria is dangerous,  
Senor. Dangerous. He's been  
a pistolero -- a gunman you  
call it. He has taken money  
to betray his country..

ME

It's been done before.

OFFICIAL

He was a good man once -- an honest revolutionary. Now he's old. His mind is gone. He's corrupt. He's rotted before he's dead. It happens. It is very sad. He drinks tequila to forget he's rotten. Then he sings "La Cucaracha" and thinks he's fighting again for Pancho Villa.

ME

He's a friend of Torres'.

OFFICIAL

Sometimes he works for him.

ME

He lost his arm saving his life.

OFFICIAL

Senor, he was lying drunk in a gutter at Vera Cruz, -- a street car ran over his arm. What do you think of Torres, Senor?

ME

He's my friend.

OFFICIAL

Are you sure?

ME

See if you can read the wire.

OFFICIAL

"Senorita Elena Medina -- care of General Torres. I am keeping my half of the bargain. Thanks for keeping yours. No signature."

ME

How long will it take to get that ready?

OFFICIAL

(with a sigh)

Not very long, senor.

(CONTINUED)

Jesus Maria grunts and stretches.

OFFICIAL (cont'd)

He's waking up.

JESUS MARIA

Esta listo?

OFFICIAL

Aqui esta.

Jesus Maria takes his wire. There is a moment's silence.  
Jesus Maria looks at me with a sheepish grin.

JESUS MARIA

I'm sorry, Boss. I had a little  
tequila. In the morning I need  
it. I got the horses.

I don't say anything. Jesus Maria opens the wire and  
reads it slowly; then he folds it carefully and puts it  
in his pocket. Now he looks at me with a very different  
smile.

JESUS MARIA (cont'd)

Come on, Boss.

He goes outside.

ME

(quietly)

You want to tell me what Torres  
said in that wire?

OFFICIAL

Senor, I want to, but I can't.  
I'll tell you this much. Don't  
go into the jungle. I have no  
love for Torres. He's not a  
good man. He does not wish you  
well.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

- 22 Jesus Maria and I are riding slowly down a narrow lane cut out of the heavy foliage. Jesus Maria is singing "La Cucaracha."

DISSOLVE

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

- 23 We reach a place where the path is so narrow we must go single file. Jesus Maria waits for me to go first.

ME

I'll follow.

Jesus Maria grins at me.

ME (cont'd)

You know the way.

EXT. A CENOTE - DAY

- 24 An enormous stony pit around a lake of water - like a gigantic cistern. This is over a hundred feet below us. We eye each other.

JESUS MARIA

They used to throw girls in there -- to the gods. A long time ago.

Jesus Maria leans and starts down the perilous path to the water below. I follow carefully. Jesus Maria stops halfway down, waits in his saddle, still leering, for me to join him.

JESUS MARIA (cont'd)

Okay, boss?

ME

Sure. Go ahead.

We continue on down to the:

SAF. ...  
Silence while our horses drink.

JESUS MARIA  
You got a cigarette?

ME  
No, I haven't.

He starts to make one of his own.

ME (cont'd)  
I think my horse is limping. Can  
you look at it? -- Here.

He examines my horse's hoof.

JESUS MARIA  
Espina--. Very bad. That's a  
thorn. It's poison.

ME  
What do you do for it?

JESUS MARIA  
Shoot the horse.

ME  
How far is it to the next village?

JESUS MARIA  
A couple hours.

ME  
Let's get started.

Jesus Maria shakes his head slowly, puts the cigarette  
he was making in his mouth and lights it.

JESUS MARIA  
We won't make it.  
(he looks  
at me)

ME  
We'll try.

25 (CONTINUED)

I hold his eye.

JESUS MARIA

Okay, boss.

He gets on his horse.

ME

You go first.

JESUS MARIA

You gonna walk, boss?

ME

Yes.

He looks at me, then turns and starts away. I follow him.

DISSOLVE

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

26 Jesus Maria and myself, single file. Jesus Maria cuts vines and branches with his machette.

DISSOLVE

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

27 A settlement of palm frond huts and several adobe cantinas. We arrive.

ME

Where do you hire horses?

Jesus Maria is looking toward a cantina.

JESUS MARIA

Horses, boss?

(he dismounts -

turns back to me)

We can't hire horses here. --

The next village.

ME

I don't believe you.

JESUS MARIA

Jesus Maria Torreón is not a  
liar! Anyone who says that Jesus  
Maria is a liar is a liar!

He starts toward the cantinas.

ME

Come back here!

He turns, his eyes half-closed in the sunlight.

ME (cont'd)

You've forgotten the bag.

He hesitates. Then he comes back and picks up the bag.

JESUS MARIA

(muttering)

Jesus Maria Torreón is not a  
liar.

I walk toward the cantinas in front of him. He catches  
up to me.

JESUS MARIA (cont'd)

"La Esperanza" is the best.

("La Esperanza" looks the best.)

ME

(pointing to  
"La Palomita"  
next door)

We'll go in there.

JESUS MARIA

"La Palomita?" It's not good. We  
can wait in "La Esperanza" while  
they send to the next village for  
our horses --

INT. "LA PALOMITA" - DAY

28 Jesus Maria follows with the bag, grumbling. There is no one at the bar.

JESUS MARIA  
What did I say? Bad service.  
No one here. But "La Esperanza"--

I rap on the counter with a peso. Jesus Maria dumps the bag on a table and opens the flap of the bar.

JESUS MARIA (cont'd)  
I'll see if anyone's here.

ME  
Wait. You have to guard the bag. I'll go.

JESUS MARIA  
(his hand  
still on  
the flap)  
But no one will take the bag,  
boss.

I push him to one side and walk through toward the back of the bar.

29 Back of the cantina, I find the proprietor sleeping. I wake him up.

ME  
Can you give me a drink?

BARTENDER  
Why not?

We start back into the bar.

ME  
You an American?

BARTENDER  
What are you? German?

We go into the cantina. He is scratching himself.

BARTENDER (cont'd)

Sure. I'm from Texas.

ME

What makes you think I'm a German?

BARTENDER

A lot of them come through here.

Jesus Maria and the saddlebag have gone. I walk out. The bartender calls after me:

BARTENDER (cont'd)

Hey! I thought you wanted a drink!

I go along the street to the doors of the Esperanza and peer over. There is Jesus Maria, leaning on his one arm against the bar, sipping a copita, with a tequila bottle by his side. I push open the swing door and let it smash back behind me. Jesus Maria looks up and sees me. He braces himself for a moment, spilling tequila on the bar. Then he changes his mind and resumes his lolling position. He is thinking out defenses. I walk over to pick my saddlebag off the bar. He grabs at it.

JESUS MARIA

Let me, boss.

I shake the bag free and walk slowly to the door, Jesus Maria following.

JESUS MARIA (cont'd)

Listen, boss. I was only --

I go outside and look across the square steaming under the hazy sunlight. Jesus Maria sidles up and tries to take the bag again.

JESUS MARIA (cont'd)

I was only having a little drink, boss.

I look at him as if I had never seen him before.

JESUS MARIA (cont'd)  
Listen, Chief. I went in there  
to ask about horses. I thought  
maybe --

I go back into "La Palomita." He follows me  
irresolutely. I throw the saddlebag on the bar.

ME  
Give me a beer.

BARTENDER  
It ain't very cold.

Jesus Maria steps down from the doorway toward the bar.

JESUS MARIA  
(threateningly  
to the  
bartender)  
You give him the beer.

The bartender looks at him; goes after the beer. I  
look at Jesus Maria. He wilts - then leers  
ingratiatingly, indicating next door with his stub.

JESUS MARIA (cont'd)  
"La Esperanza" has cold beer.

I pay no attention to him. The bartender pours the  
glass of beer before me. I put some money on the bar.

ME  
Is that enough?

(CONTINUED)

BARTENDER

I'm glad to get it. They don't spend anything around here since that oil expropriation. Business is so bad nobody's drinking. They got money, but they don't spend it -- not like the old days. They used to come in here and drink for a week at a time. They'd get drunk and I'd throw 'em out in the street, and they'd wake up and come back for more. 'Course I own my own place now, but what of it? I made more when I worked for the Company.

Jesus Maria is looking at me in the mirror with the penitent bloodshot eyes of a Spaniel. I continue to ignore him. Slight pause.

ME

I need a fresh horse. Can you sell me one?

BARTENDER

Sure. Where you goin'?

ME

Santiago.

The bartender looks at me -- closely.

BARTENDER

-- Sure. I'll go see about it.

He lifts up the flap and shuffles out of the front door. Jesus Maria and I are left alone. I finish my beer. Jesus Maria inches down the bar toward me like an enormous tapeworm.

JESUS MARIA

It won't happen again, boss.  
Boss - it won't happen again.

I don't answer. I finish my beer.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN:

INT. THE SALOON - AFTERNOON

30

The light has changed. It is much later in the afternoon. There are several empty bottles of beer before me. I am finishing another glass. Jesus, at the far end of the bar, is still ogling me pathetically. Silence. The bartender is seated behind the bar, watching us. An Indian appears in the doorway.

INDIAN

El caballo esta listo, patron.

BARTENDER

That's your horse.

I give him the bill.

BARTENDER (cont'd)

You paid me.

ME

Give my guide a drink. And keep the change.

JESUS MARIA

(eagerly)

Tequila.

The bartender pours him a drink. Jesus Maria downs his first drink, reaches greedily for a second -- then looks at me to see if it's all right. I walk up to him.

ME

You can drink -- but only when I tell you to drink. Understand?

JESUS MARIA

Yes, boss.

ME

Take my saddlebag.

I stride out of the saloon. Jesus Maria takes a bill out of his pocket - puts it on the bar - stuffs the bottle in the saddlebag and hurries out after me.

DISSOLVE CUT

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. JUNGLE - AFTERNOON

31 The same monotonous green, the same flies and thorns, but the heat is worse. Jesus Maria rides ahead in a silence sulkier and more profound than ever. The tequila is wearing off.

32 At a ford where we water our horses. The ford is in shadow.

ME

Is it much farther?

JESUS MARIA

Tired?

Sweat runnels his face, and he wipes the band of his straw hat with his sodden sleeve.

ME

The horses are tired. It'll be dark soon.

JESUS MARIA

It is not far.....Boss.

Jesus Maria grins, but not because the village is not far. As darkness falls, the "boss" becomes purely titular.

ME

Why are we waiting?

We start off.

DISSOLVE

EXT. ATITEPEC - NIGHT

33 This is like the other village, a little muddier and more poverty-stricken. Indians slouch up to us out of the shadows.

JESUS MARIA

Bucnas Noches, senores.  
Queremos hospedaje para esta  
noche.

AN INDIAN

Buenas noches.  
(to me)  
Buenas noches.

ME

Good evening.

A slight pause.

AN INDIAN

(his name is  
Jose)

Hello.

ME

Can you give us beds for the  
night?

JCSE

Okay.

Jesus Maria leans forward and says something sharply in  
Indian.

ME

What are you saying?

JESUS MARIA

I was saying to get food...  
boss. They don't speak English.  
They only speak Indian. They  
don't even speak Spanish so  
good.

He turns away and begins greeting them. I dismount and  
go to the man holding my horse.

ME

You speak English?

He shrugs. They all smile.

ME (cont'd)

Does no one here speak English?  
Why does he tell you to pretend  
you can't?

In my exasperation at Jesus Maria, I have shouted. The smile goes from their faces. They stand in a circle, watching me silently. Others walk up. I stand helpless an alien.

JESUS MARIA

He don't understand, Boss. Like  
I told you.

No one makes a movement. In the darkness of the undergrowth a cicada calls, then another, then five, ten, -- hundreds.

JESUS MARIA (cont'd)

I know their language. I'll  
explain everything.

(he scratches  
the stub of  
his arm)

Don't be afraid, boss.

ME

Afraid? I'm not afraid.

I pat my horse on the neck.

ME (cont'd)

Tell them to give the horses a  
good feed. Ask if they have a  
chicken. Ask where I can sleep.

Jesus Maria says something in the Indian language. It sounds more like a command than a request. Two men lead away the horses, and a man with over-lapping teeth comes forward and shakes my hand.

JESUS MARIA

This is Genaro. Good friend of  
mine, very good fellow. He offers  
his hut to us for the night.  
He'll sleep with his mother-in-  
law.

ME

Will you thank him and say I  
want to sleep by myself. I'll  
pay for another hut.

(CONTINUED)

JESUS MARIA

You can't do that, Boss. My friend offers his house. I can't say you won't accept his hospitality. He wants nothing in payment. Only when we leave, a little gift.

ME

I want to sleep alone.

JESUS MARIA

What a pity!

We face each other in silence for a moment.

JESUS MARIA (cont'd)

Let's go. It'll be night soon.

Genaro, Jesus Maria and I walk over to the huts. The rest of the Indians follow more slowly. They stay outside, watching the three of us, speaking together now and then in low voices. We enter the hut.

INT. GENARO'S HUT - NIGHT

34

There are two little pigs, grunting and rooting in the mud on the floor. A woman rises as we come in. She has a baby in her arms, and she holds a little boy by the hand -- naked except for a dirty shirt. Genaro says something to her, and she goes out, with the children. The pigs remain, rooting the muck and snorting. Jesus Maria unfolds two canvas stretchers.

JESUS MARIA

(punching the  
canvas)

Good. Very good beds, see?  
Very good.

I feel something tickling my arm. It is a flea, but I am too tired, too stiff to care.

JESUS MARIA (cont'd)

And now, Boss. You take something? A little sugar-cane brandy -- cana we call it -- with green coconut water. Very good. Just a little, yes?

I flop on the bed.

ME

Yes, ask him to bring -- coconuts.  
But say we're very hungry.

One of the pigs sidles up and begins rubbing his shoulder against my leg. I lean forward and shove him away. Genaro says something as he leaves the hut. I look at Jesus Maria for a translation.

ME (cont'd)

What does he say?

JESUS MARIA

He says that's a fine little pig. He says you have an eye for a fine pig.

Genaro comes back in with a brown gourd and half a dozen green coconuts hanging by their stems. The gourd he puts on an upturned packing case: the coconuts he drops in a heap on the bed beside me. Then he takes out his machete and with a single blow slashes off their tops one by one. He pours away half the milk and fills the husks with cane from the gourd. He hands a husk to me and one to Jesus Maria, and keeps one for himself. Jesus Maria balances the husk on his knees and scours the inside of the shell with his index finger. He brings away the softer coconut meat in strips of white slime which he swallows.

JESUS MARIA (cont'd)

Good.

(smacking his  
lips)

You ought to do that, Boss.

ME

No thanks.

JESUS MARIA

I do it for you.

He holds up a filthy finger.

JESUS MARIA (cont'd)

Very good.

(CONTINUED)

ME

(angrily)

I don't want it. I just want  
to drink.

Jesus Maria amiable is worse than Jesus Maria hostile. I  
lift the husk in both my hands and let the liquid trickle  
into my mouth. Genaro squats on his heels and watches  
me. Like an animal's, his unwinking eyes don't turn away  
when I stare back.

ME (cont'd)

Tell him the drink is good.  
Thank him.

Jesus Maria translates to Genaro and the Indian's eyes  
leave me for a minute. He replies something, then looks  
at me again.

ME (cont'd)

What does he say?

JESUS MARIA

He says the drink is good.

ME

But I said that.

Jesus Maria lifts the husk in the palm of his hand and  
drinks deep. Two streams trickle down his chin onto his  
chest.

JESUS MARIA

The drink is good.

We all stare at the husks. The silence is wrapped in the  
noise of the insects. The strident noise of cicadas,  
croaking of frogs. I open my mouth to say something --  
anything to break the insistent night hum.

A NOISE

Psst! -- Psst!

Silence again.

THE NOISE (cont'd)

Psst!

(CONTINUED)

I put down my coconut. The drink has thickened my tongue.

ME

Someone wants me.

Jesus Maria laughs.

JESUS MARIA

That's the cigarra. Little bugs. Psst! Psst! That's the noise they make.

He turns to Genaro and gives him an order. Genaro gets up and prepares three more coconuts.

ME

Say less cana this time.

Jesus Maria speaks to Genaro. He nods, but pours even more cana in the husk for me.

ME (cont'd)

That's more, not less.

JESUS MARIA

It's less. I told him.

ME

(with sudden irritation)

But it isn't less.

JESUS MARIA

(passing the husk across to me)

It's less...

Genaro sits down again and stares at me. Jesus Maria scratches the stump of his arm. The audience of watchful Indians remains silent and motionless on the fringe of the darkness. Jesus Maria is trying to get me drunk, as hard as I'm trying to get him drunk. If silence continues he will win.

ME

They say you fought for Pancho Villa.

(CONTINUED)

JESUS MARIA

Yes. Those were the days.  
There are few men living now  
like the Villistas. We were  
tough and we were afraid of  
nothing. I tell you, Senor,  
when I was a young man, I used  
to eat glass. I used to bite  
off a piece of glass and chew  
it to small pieces. It was  
nothing to me. The young man  
of today can't do that.

ME

They don't want to. What good  
is it?

JESUS MARIA

They're afraid. I tell you the  
things we endured during the  
fighting, the days without food  
or water. We were tough.  
Listen, I will tell you.

ME

First ask Genaro when the chicken  
will be ready. And ask him for  
more coconuts.

Jesus Maria speaks to Genaro, who goes out.

JESUS MARIA

(reverently)

Villa! Urbina! Fierros!  
There's not their like on earth  
today. They could drink with any  
man until he rolled under the table  
and they were still sober.

(he leans  
forward)

They were men of the people. Like  
I'm a man of the people. They  
didn't have the need for this  
education. They had their guns  
and their hearts. Hearts to tell  
them what to do and guns to do it.

He lifts the husk and drinks, the warm juice spilling  
onto his thighs.

JESUS MARIA (cont'd)

Listen. You must understand.  
I will tell you about my arm.

jp

(CONTINUED)

I get up from the cot and start toward the opening.

JESUS MARIA (cont'd)  
Where you going?

ME  
It's too hot in here.

I go outside.

EXT. THE VILLAGE - NIGHT

35 I pass through the Indians without a word. Then I stop  
to get an idea where I am.

A VOICE IN THE DARKNESS  
Psst!

I had started on. The sound stops me. I think about it  
for a second and then start again.

VOICE IN THE DARKNESS (cont'd)  
Sencer! Come please!

I am not sure, but I think it is the man who held my  
horse.

ME  
Where?

MAN  
There's a friend waiting for you.

He leads me further into the darkness. My guide says no  
more until we reach a hut on the outskirts of the village.  
Then he points.

MAN (cont'd)  
See!

My "friend" is silhouetted in the doorway. It's Elena.  
The man who brings me to the hut stays outside.

ELENA  
I'm keeping my half of the bargain.  
(CONTINUED)

ME

It's more than half. How did  
you get here?

ELENA

(quietly)  
Don't speak!

She steps back and I enter the hut --

ELENA (cont'd)

(in my ear)  
Don't tell your name!

A man is inside -- a nice-looking, young Mexican named Roberto.

ELENA

I flew by plane as you did.  
We've been following you by  
horse.

ME

But I don't understand --

ELENA

This is Roberto. Roberto --  
this is Mr. Smith.

I catch Elena's eye. Roberto goes to the door of the  
hut and calls to the man who was my guide.

ROBERTO

Jose!

Jose comes in.

ROBERTO (cont'd)

This is Jose. His son works in  
the pumping station at Poza Raja.  
Jose understands the workers  
and peasants must stand together.

JOSE

We must have unity.

ELENA

When you arrived, Jesus Maria  
told them all you can't speak  
Spanish. He said you're a  
foreigner and an enemy of the  
Mexican people. He has orders  
to kill you. Jose says he  
plans to do it tonight and  
share your money with Genaro.

ROBERTO

But this is the difficulty.  
There is much suffering and  
discontent in this pueblo. The  
Indians are very poor. This  
Genaro is one of the richest  
and he is the leader.

ELENA

He will do whatever Jesus Maria tells him. We must decide a plan.

ME

What can we do?

Elena suddenly holds up her hand. Above the din of the insects can be heard the sound of voices shouting. They come nearer.

ELENA

We use reason first. If we have to run, and then get separated, meet down at the river...there's a boat. You, Jose, you speak first. Say who we are, say about your son.

VOICE

(singing through the darkness)

"La Cucaracha! La Cucaracha!  
No puede caminar!"

ME

(whispering)

He's drunk.

Jesus Maria and his followers look in each hut as they come down the row. They are only three huts away. Elena and I look at each other.

ELENA

Afraid?

ME

Yes.

ELENA

Me, too.

We laugh. It seems very funny.

VOICE

(through the darkness)

Estan en la casa de Jose.

Jesus Maria's party gathers around the entrance. Will they shoot without a word spoken? Jose pushes us back.

JOSE

(going  
toward  
the door)

No me tiraran a mi.

There is a tongue of blue fire. An explosion. Jose turns, looking at the hole in his hand with an expression of curiosity. A woman cries out and runs to Jose. She catches his wrist in her fingers to cut the flow of blood.

ELENA

Roberto - a stone, quick!

Elena unwinds the white cloth around Jose's wrist and tears a piece of it off. She wraps a strip of it around the small pestle from the mortar. Jose shakes his head like a bull with the banderillas in his neck.

ELENA (cont'd)

(handing me  
the waistband)

Tear. Two long strips.

She grabs Jose by the arm and mutters words to cheer him. She presses the pestle in his palm and closes his fist on it. He winces and groans.

ELENA (cont'd)

(to me).

Quick! The bandage!

With the first strip she binds the fist tight over the stone and then firmly fixes the hand to the upper arm with the second. The Indians come closer. They say nothing, but they watch every move of Elena's quick fingers binding and making fast the bandage. When it is finished, a man from the crowd hands Jose a gourd of cana. He drinks and passes the gourd to Elena. She knows it's a symbol -- pauses for a moment, then takes the gourd and holds it to her lips. Then she passes it to the Indian to drink, but Genaro pushes forward. He clears a space and stands midway between the hut and the crowd and begins to speak, pointing at me, then at the back of the crowd where Jesus Maria is just visible, covered in mud, with his arm grasped by an Indian. Roberto jerks his hand for Elena and me to come closer. In a low voice, Jose translates in Spanish to Roberto and Elena. She in turn translates in English to me what Genaro is telling the Indians. (CONTINUED)

LAZARO

(Indian to  
be supplied)

JOSE

Dice que fue un error  
- el atacarme. El  
tiro era para el  
extranjero -- enemigo  
de los trabajadores --

ELENA

It was a mistake  
shooting Jose - he  
says. - The shot was  
meant for you.  
You're an enemy of  
the Mexican people.  
Jesus Maria is a  
fine old soldier --

ROBERTO

(to Jose)

Come se siente? Puede hablar?

JOSE

(answers)

Me hirieron la mano - no la  
lengua. -- Hablare.

ELENA

(to me)

He says they hit his hand - not  
his tongue. He'll talk to them.  
Thank God it was Jesus Maria who  
fired. It is Genaro's friend  
who has shot one of their people.

Genaro is losing his grip on the audience. Jose, with  
his bandaged arm raised to his shoulder, is the living  
reminder. The audience shifts from foot to foot. A  
woman, an Indian of not more than thirty-five, but as  
lined as an ape's hand, shoves Genaro back and curses him.  
She turns to the audience, appealing to them. The men  
echo her, half-awed, half-laughing at her vehemence.

MEN

Jose! Jose!

Jose steps forward and begins to speak in Indian. The  
contrast between his tone and Genaro's is enough. His  
quiet speech scarcely carries to the edge of the crowd.  
The men lean forward with hands cupped to ears to catch  
it. We don't understand his words, but it isn't necessary.  
Elena puts her arm on my shoulder.

ELENA

(whispers)

We have won.

When Jose has finished, he turns to Elena.

(CONTINUED)

JOSE

Hable Usted ahora. Digales  
todo.

Elena walks out of the hut until she is within the circle of the men. Jose follows her. It is another symbol. Elena goes closer. She speaks slowly and clearly, waiting at the end of each sentence for Jose, the wounded Indian, to translate her Spanish into Indian. Jose's woman is standing next to him. She watches him -- watches not his lips but the measure of pain around his eyes. I am touched by Elena's simple appeal. Now she is talking about Jesus Maria. Her voice loses its calmness. She tells his story in short, sharp sentences. Jose translates in short, sharp sentences. The Indians seem to wince as the words fall, and they edge to one side. There, in the midst of them, held in the grip of an Indian, stands Jesus Maria, mud-plastered, terrified.

(Elena's speech in Spanish and Jose's Indian translation to be supplied.)

Elena's voice blazes with contempt. Jesus Maria stands firm until she speaks of his arm. One of the crowd grabs it and tries to hold it up. At this, he begins to shout and struggle to get free.

JESUS MARIA

Genaro! Genaro! No es verdad!

The Indians throw back their heads and laugh.

Elena's speech (still translated by Jose) reaches its climax.

CROWD

(shouting)

No! No! No!

ME

Why does she do this? They'll  
kill him.

ROBERTO

(translating

for me the

end of

Elena's speech)

She says -- What would you do  
to such a man?

With a roar, the crowd runs toward Jesus Maria.

ROBERTO (cont'd)  
They want to lynch him.

The man who has been holding him, shoves him further forward. The Indians close round him in a net. Jesus Maria looks from side to side. There is no escape.

ELENA  
Ven.

JESUS MARIA  
Genaro! Genaro!

He dashes blindly into the crowd, striking about with his one arm in furious impotence. The Indians catch hold of him and push him back into the circle. He falls and lies on his back in the mud. The Indians laugh. Elena turns and walks in the hut.

ELENA  
(to Roberto)  
Bring him here.

Jesus Maria doesn't move. Three men catch hold of him and carry him like a heavy sack into the hut. I follow.

ELENA  
(to Jose)  
Que esporen afuera.

The men go out. Jesus Maria still lies on the earth with his face hidden.

JESUS MARIA  
Senor -- don't let them do this!

ELENA  
(to Jose Maria)  
You heard what they said. They want to kill you.

Jesus Maria lies still.

ELENA (cont'd)  
They will kill you if I let them.

Jesus Maria curses, and Roberto kicks him in the thigh.

ELENA (cont'd)

You have only to answer some questions and I'll tell them not to kill you.

Jesus Maria looks up at me. There are tears in his eyes. He scrambles over the floor and catches my breeches in his filthy hands.

JESUS MARIA

Don't let them kill me, boss!

ME

What do you want out of him?

ELENA

I want him to tell them who he works for.

Roberto catches the gunman's hair in his hands and jerks his head back. He shakes him backward and forward.

JESUS MARIA

Torres.

ELENA

He must tell them.

JESUS MARIA

I'll tell them.

Elena turns to Jesus Maria.

ELENA

Tell them what Torres wanted you to do. Tell them you betrayed Mexico for Torres. Tell them he paid you to kill a friend of Mexico.

JESUS MARIA

Les dire.

(to me)

I'll tell them, boss.

Roberto pushes him out in the crowd, and follows him. A moment's pause. Then we hear the hoarse creaking of Jesus Maria confessing to the crowd.

ELENA

I want them to know this about  
Torres. Soon they're going to  
have to choose between Torres  
and Mexico.

I look at her searchingly.

ME

"A friend of Mexico's." Is  
that what you called me?

Outside Jesus Maria has finished his confession. A low  
murmur from the crowd.

ELENA

How do you feel?

ME

Tired----. Tired and hungry.

Jose's woman appears in the doorway with food.

JOSE

(grinning)

Food.

Roberto comes in.

ROBERTO

I told them not to kill him.  
I don't think they will.

ELENA

Would you rather go back to  
Genaro's?

ME

This is nicer. There aren't  
any pigs running around.

JOSE

(to Elena)

No hay cerdos porque no tengo  
cerdos.

ELENA

There are no pigs, he says,  
because he has no pigs.

DISSOLVE IN

THE RIVER - NIGHT

37

An asthmatic mean little boat with a back paddle. We launch it. Roberto understands this boat and manages, by some miracle, to keep it going.

ROBERTO

We should make it by tomorrow.

ELENA

Will it get us there?

ROBERTO

We're lucky. We might have had to paddle in a canoe.

ME

(slowly)

I can paddle a canoe.

ELENA

How do you know?

ME

I just remembered.

ELENA

Remember anything else?

ME

No --

ELENA

Are you telling the truth?

ME

I just remembered I can paddle a canoe.

Elena and I are forward. Roberto calls out to us from the wheel.

ROBERTO

What are you talking about -- you two?

37 (CONTINUED)

ELENA

(laughing)  
Fijate en el rio.  
(to me -  
quickly -  
under her  
breath)  
He mustn't know who you are.

ROBERTO

Es muy dificil.

Elena laughs.

ME

(quietly)  
Why not?

ELENA

He'd never understand. He'd  
report me.

ME

What would he do to me?

ELENA

He'd kill you maybe. -- You must  
understand he knows nothing --  
not even about Santiago. Nobody  
does. I just found out about it.

ME

You risked a lot coming down here.

ELENA

Torres was going to have you  
killed on the way. It was  
safer like that. It would  
look like an accident. He  
doesn't trust you.

ME

What did you tell this boy?

ELENA

That you were a friend of Mexico.

(CONTINUED)

ME  
He's going to find out some  
time. Then what'll happen?

ELENA  
By that time you will have kept  
your word with me.  
(now she is  
very  
serious)

ME  
Do you think I can sabotage  
the General's revolution all  
by myself?

ELENA  
You're the best man to do it.

ME  
(half-smiling)  
It was my idea, wasn't it?  
(I take her eye)  
-- Suppose I was lying to you  
after all? -- Suppose I have  
no intention of doing this?

ELENA  
You weren't lying. --  
(she is sure  
of it)

ME  
If I was lying, what would  
you do?

ELENA  
I'd kill you.

This is a statement of fact.

ELENA (cont'd)  
-- No, I'm not afraid of that.

ME  
Afraid of what? Killing me?

ELENA  
Something else.

ME

Tell me what it is.

ELENA

You weren't lying last night --  
but there's something I can't  
know.

I want her to be happy.

ME

Like to hear what Johnson  
said about you? He said you  
were the most beautiful girl  
in the world.

She doesn't react.

ME (cont'd)

I agree with him.

She still doesn't answer.

ME (cont'd)

(smiling)

All right. -- what is it you  
can't know?

ELENA

About you. -- You proved to  
me that you weren't lying.  
But that was yesterday. --  
Your memory was gone. Your  
mind was -- innocent -- like  
a child's. I knew that. If  
I hadn't --

ME

(seriously -  
wanting to  
know the answer  
to the question)

What's worrying you?

ELENA

How about now? -- Maybe you're  
lying now.

I don't answer.

ELENA (cont'd)  
Maybe something in your brain  
has -- changed ---. It happens  
that way.

ME  
The doctor told me something  
else. He said it would happen  
when I fell asleep.  
(pause)  
Do you think I want that? Do  
you think I want to sleep?

ELENA  
How long has it been?

ME  
Two nights. I don't want to  
ever close my eyes again.

ELENA  
Some time you must.

ME  
And wake up with a past? --  
My past? -- That'd be some  
hangover! -- I'd rather not  
wake up.

Elena brings out a gun and points it at me. (Her back  
is to Roberto, so he doesn't see this.) I want to smile  
but her gaze is terribly steady.

ME (cont'd)  
What's that for?

ELENA  
For you in case you feel sleepy.

ME  
(after another  
pause)  
That isn't necessary.

ELENA  
I hope it won't be.

I think everything over out loud. The audience should  
share Elena's doubts during this following, -- and then  
some.

(CONTINUED)

ME

I know --

(pause)

-- it's true. -- If I was suddenly to remember everything -- if it should all come back to me, -- now, for instance, as I'm sitting here, -- I'd be a different man, wouldn't I? With different ideas. I'd want different things too. But I wouldn't let on, would I? That'd be awful. -- Not just for me, but for you and Roberto. Because I'd go right on talking the way I am now, and I'd be lying and you wouldn't know. There'd be no way for you to know it. I'd keep my secret very carefully, and you'd never guess until we got to Santiago and I handed you over to the boys. -- I don't know what they'd do to you.

ELENA

They'd kill us.

ME

Both of us?

ELENA

Roberto and me.

ME

Oh.

ELENA

(almost cross)

Are you relieved?

This doesn't register. I'm still thinking about myself.

ME

I'd be safer with my memory, wouldn't I? They'd be my friends in Santiago. The way it is now, they'll probably kill me.

(CONTINUED)

ELENA

Probably.

ME

Don't be too sure.  
(I laugh)

ELENA

(a little  
frightened)  
Why do you laugh like that?

ME

I was thinking.

ELENA

(quickly -  
anxiously)  
What are you thinking?

ME

(slowly -  
after a  
pause)  
I was thinking you're probably  
right. Somebody's bound to be  
murdered.

I look at her. Roberto calls over to us from the wheel.

ROBERTO

Hey! Shall we pull over and  
get a little sleep?

Elena and I rise quickly.

ELENA

No, no!

ME

Certainly not!

ROBERTO

About an hour would do us good --  
before the sun rises.

ELENA

(to me)  
You take the wheel.

ME

(to her)  
I don't know how.

(CONTINUED)

ELENA  
(to Roberto)  
You will teach Mr. Smith.

On her face we --

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INSERT THE PADDLE WHEEL - NIGHT. The wheel  
fills the frame - thrashing -  
thrashing --

DISSOLVE

EXT. DECK - DAY

INSERT SAME PADDLE WHEEL - SAME SHOT.

38 A form huddled under a blanket -- obviously sleeping. It  
stirs, sits up. It's Roberto. He looks back at the wheel.  
I am steering, Elena is standing behind me.

ROBERTO

Don't you ever want to sleep?

ME

No -- I don't ever want to  
sleep.

INSERT THE PADDLE WHEEL AGAIN.

DISSOLVE

EXT. DECK - DAY

39 A game of Tic Tac Toe.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Elena and me playing it on the  
deck. Now Roberto is steering. The game finishes.

ME

You're beating me.

ELENA

(narrowly)

Yes, I am. Are you getting  
tired?

ME

We've run out of chalk. What  
shall we do? Sing?

ELENA

What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

ME  
Sing songs together.

ROBERTO  
What do you want to sing songs  
for?

ELENA  
(wretchedly)  
Because we're happy.

ROBERTO  
What songs do you know, Mr. Smith?

ME  
I don't remember any.

ROBERTO  
You must remember something.

ME  
I don't.  
(pause -- I  
start to  
sing very  
tentatively)  
La cucaracha ... La cucaracha...  
That's what Jesus Maria kept  
singing. How does the rest of  
it go?

ELENA  
Ya no puede caminar.

ME  
What?

ELENA  
(repeats --  
and sings  
it this  
time)  
Ya no puede caminar....

ME  
(doing my best)  
La cucaracha...La cucaracha...  
Ya no puese...

(CONTINUED)

ELENA  
(interrupting  
with a laugh  
to correct me)  
Ya no puede....

ME  
Ya no puede caminar....

ELENA  
(her spirits  
reviving)  
Very good! Now try it again.

ELENA and ME  
La cucaracha....La cucaracha....

Roberto joins in. We all sing.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

40 EXTREME LONG SHOT of our little boat -- looking very little indeed with the jungle all around it. Our voices are heard distantly over the tiny, busy sound of the paddle.

DISSOLVE

EXT. DECK - NIGHT

INSERT THE PADDLE WHEEL AGAIN.

41 SHOT - my face - strained - wakeful.

42 SHOT - Elena's face. Roberto is still steering. Elena and I are sitting in the place we were the night before.

43 SHOT - my face again - FRESH ANGLE.

44 SHOT - Elena's face again.

45 SHOT - my face from still ANOTHER ANGLE, so close now that my eyes almost fill the screen.

DISSOLVE

EXT. DECK - DAY

47 SHOT - Elena's face. She has dozed off. She starts and wakes, raises her gun.

The CAMERA PANS to where I was sitting. Roberto is in my place!

ROBERTO

(with a  
grin)

Que haces con la pistola?

MY VOICE

La cucaracha....La cucaracha....

Elena turns and looks at me.

ROBERTO

Aany...let's get some sleep.

He starts to try to. Elena has risen and crossed to me.

ME

You might just as well. See --  
there's the mouth of the river.

ROBERTO

What?

(looks)

You're right! There it is. That  
dark spot there. That's an  
island. -- That's Santiago.

He stops the engine.

ROBERTO (cont'd)

We'd better wait until sunrise.

ELENA

(quietly)

You're going alone.

ME

Of course.

(CONTINUED)

ROBERTO

You'll go in one of the sailing boats.

(drops anchor)

I don't know about you two, but I've got to sleep.

He goes forward again and lies down. Elena and I strain our eyes into the gloom.

ME

(right here  
is where I  
hope to keep  
it simple)

Santiago ---.

ELENA

Are you afraid?

ME

I'm afraid of myself. -- When I see them -- the men there on the island -- I'm afraid of what may happen inside of me.

(tapping  
my head)

Inside here. There's no good asking me to be strong. It isn't a question of strength. It's just luck. --

(bitterly)

Luck -- Whatever happens, I've got to lose. I just hope you don't.

She looks at me.

ME (cont'd)

What will you do?

ELENA

I'll go back ---

ME

Where?

ELENA

To Poza Rica -- the landing field where our plane is.

(CONTINUED)

ME

And then?

ELENA

Back to Mexico.

ME

What about Torres?

ELENA

Not to him. He knows about me now.

ME

What will you do?

ELENA

I have friends.

ME

Good friends?

She doesn't answer.

ME (cont'd)

Have you anyone you love?

ELENA

I don't know my father. My mother died when I was born. I was born in a beautiful village filled with flowers. But there were no doctors for my mother. So she died.

ME

Is there anyone else?

ELENA

There will be no one else --

ME

I don't understand.

ELENA

There will be no one else --  
when you -- when you're --  
yourself ---

(CONTINUED)

RLC  
(after a  
silence)  
There'll always be you.

ELENA  
(almost  
sharply)  
How do you know what there'll  
be?

ME  
When it happens -- I'll come to  
you - you'll see --

ELENA  
Even then - how will I know it's  
happened? How can I believe you  
-- ever?

ME  
There's no way out of it -- is  
there?

ELENA  
No.

ME  
May I kiss you good-bye?

We kiss.

ME (cont'd)  
(whispering)  
I love you.

ELENA  
I love you -- you. -- I love  
you.

We kiss again.

EXT. HARBOR - DAY  
(Almost noon.)

- 48 I am in a little fishing boat with an Indian fisherman. I  
am waving good-bye to Elena and Roberto.
- 49 LONG SHOT of my boat seen over Elena's shoulder as it makes  
out towards Santiago.

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. LITTLE HARBOR SANTIAGO - DAY

50 I leave the boat, start up the hill.

EXT. SANTIAGO CANTINA AND GENERAL STORE - DAY

51 I approach and go in.

INT. CANTINA - DAY

52 I go to the bar.

ME

One beer, please.

The bartender squints at me, then scuttles out, returning with Otto, a moist boy from Central Europe, with pimples and several days growth of adolescent beard.

OTTO

What do you want?

ME

I want some beer.

Senor Tom comes into the picture. (This is a very superior character.) He looks at me. I meet his eye.

ME (cont'd)

I want some beer.

SENIOR TOM

Upstairs you can sit down.

ME

They call me Mr. England.

Pause.

SENIOR TOM

Let's go upstairs.

We go upstairs.

53

A big, wide, low-ceilinged room, very dark, with lots of tables. At these sit a group of men drinking, playing checkers or dominoes. They turn to me as I enter. Senor Tom leads me into the center of the room. Everybody quiets down.

SENOR TOM

What did you say your name was?

ME

Mr. England.

SENOR TOM

Senores, aqui esta Mr. England.

More silence -- then somebody laughs, suddenly -- sharply. Others join in. Then more and still more. At last the whole room is shaking with laughter, a cruel, harsh kind of laughter. At the climax of this, I see something. My expression changes from bewilderment to shock. The laughter stops.

In silence the CAMERA PANS SLOWLY off my face to -- MR. ENGLAND! This is the real Mr. England -- no mistaking it. (He looks like me, but he isn't my double.) The CAMERA PANS AGAIN OFF Mr. England -- across the room - across the silent faces of the Indians and back to me. Then finally --

ME

You --

54

SHOT - Mr. England's face.

MR. ENGLAND

Me.

55

SHOT - my face again.

ME

You're Mr. England -- you're Kellar!

56

I sit down in a chair by an empty table. My eyes leave Mr. England's, go blank. I'm thinking -- thinking hard.

MR. ENGLAND

Who are you?

(CONTINUED)

Silence.

ME

(with a  
slow grin)  
I'm not Mr. England.

The grin grows into a smile and then I start to laugh. It's contagious laughter. The Indians join me, at first tentatively. I go on laughing, topping them. Encouraged, they laugh again. We all laugh -- my laughter louder and louder and louder. I am weeping with laughter. On my laughing face, we cut to --

57 SHOT - my face -- contorted with pain. (I have just cried out.)

INT. THE WAREHOUSE - DAY

58 A big dark place. I am in a chair. A couple of huskies have my arms pinned behind the chair. As the scene is discovered, they let me go and my face shows relief. Otto, seated near the controls of a short-wave broadcasting transmitter, is leaning forward anxiously watching us. Mr. England stands above me.

MR. ENGLAND

(sadly -  
wearily)

Well?

I gasp with pain. At the same moment, Mr. England sits down in front of me, his face close to mine.

MR. ENGLAND (cont'd)

Who sent you here?

I am motionless with agony. Suddenly Mr. England strikes me in the face -- hard. With a sharp cry of annoyance, he looks at his knuckles. They are bleeding slightly.

MR. ENGLAND (cont'd)

(to one of  
the huskies)

Go get me some iodine.

(he sucks his  
knuckle)

-- An open wound in this country.

(CONTINUED)

One of the men goes out and this relaxes the grasp on me again. I make a sharp sound, the nearest thing I can come to a laugh. Mr. England, with the knuckle still to his lips, looks up. He studies me.

MR. ENGLAND (cont'd)

Do you think I'm a coward?

Blood flows down one corner of my mouth. Mr. England looks at the bruised place on his knuckle.

MR. ENGLAND (cont'd)

-- I'm just sensible.

He gets up and walks a little away.

OTTO

Cigarette, Mr. Kellar?

Mr. England takes one from the package Otto offers him. Otto lights it.

ME

Why do they call you Mr. England?

MR. ENGLAND

Because I speak for the English people.

ME

So you told the English people -- You're out of a job now, aren't you?

MR. ENGLAND

I'm taking on a new one.

ME

Now what are you going to call yourself -- Mr. Mexico?

Mr. England walks back to me. He doesn't stroll. He's quite business-like. He sits down in front of me again. The stooge behind me gets ready for work.

(CONTINUED)

(slowly) --  
Yes ---

ME  
What do they call it -- "A man  
of many parts?"

MR. ENGLAND  
(without  
any change  
of tone)  
How would you like me to put  
this cigarette out on your  
right eyelid?

ME  
Do you like to do that sort of  
thing?

MR. ENGLAND  
No!

He rises and flings the cigarette away.

ME  
You'd better look out. That  
might set something off.

The stooge behind me rushes over to the cigarette on the  
floor and grinds it out.

ME (cont'd)  
There's enough stuff in here to  
blow us all back where you came  
from.

Mr. England still studies me. I laugh again. This time  
it sounds a little more like laughter.

MR. ENGLAND  
I want to know where you come  
from. -- I want to know why  
you're here. I want to know  
who paid you to impersonate me.  
I'd like to know right away.  
Of course, it's easier for me  
to hold out than it is for you.  
(he gets up and  
starts away)  
I'm going to fix my hand now.  
When you've decided to talk, I  
wish you'd send for me.

ME (cont'd)

Do you speak Spanish?

I'm not noble. I just stand up to him.

MR. ENGLAND

No, I don't speak Spanish.

ME

That's funny. I should think you'd have brought a book with you at least. You know --- "Spanish for Propagandists in Ten Easy Lessons." It might have whiled away the long hours coming over on that submarine of yours. You did come over in a submarine, didn't you?

MR. ENGLAND

Yes --

ME

What good's this radio station going to do you?

MR. ENGLAND

I'm an organizer. Besides, they speak English in these countries, and there's always America.

ME

You going to speak for the people of America?

MR. ENGLAND

I come from there.

ME

Where were you born?

MR. ENGLAND

Minnesota.

ME

You're quite a guy.

(CONTINUED)

The first of the strong-arm boys returns with some iodine and gives it to him. Mr. England, in the foreground, applies the iodine delicately to his bruises. The first stooge has rejoined the second and the merry sounds of the inquisition are heard again in the background. Then the sound subsides -- another respite.

ME

(gasping)  
You might just as well stay.

Mr. England hurries back to my side.

MR. ENGLAND

Well?

ME

I've told you the truth. When I came here, I thought I was you -- everybody thought that. They tried to kill me because they thought I was you. They hurt my head. I lost my memory. I don't know anything.

MR. ENGLAND

You're an intelligent man. So am I. What's your price?

Silence.

MR. ENGLAND (cont'd)

(repeats  
sharply)  
What's your price?

ME

I wish I had something I could refuse to sell you.

Enter a third stooge.

THIRD STOOGES

Mr. Kellar, we've sighted the boat.

MR. ENGLAND

Can we get out to it? Have we a launch?

THIRD STOOGES

Two of them.

MR. ENGLAND

Get it ready.

The third stooge goes out.

MR. ENGLAND (cont'd)

Do you know what that boat is?

ME

Another submarine?

No answer.

ME (cont'd)

A destroyer? --- I give up.

Mr. England is tired of my jokes.

MR. ENGLAND

I'm going to kill you. You'd better talk quickly or you won't die that way.

ME

You make these neat pompous speeches. ---

Mr. England signals to my inquisitors. What they do to me makes me cry out. I manage to get one arm free, and half-rising, I land a good upper-cut to one of the stooge's jaws, but they overpower me at once and twist me back into the chair.

MR. ENGLAND

(after  
awhile)

Some of the biggest men in this part of the world are on that boat. They're coming here for a sort of Pan-American Congress. Our sort of Pan-American Congress. It's an important meeting. I want to be able to tell those men what you're doing here and who sent you. They'll want to know.

(CONTINUED)

ME

So do I.

The boys go to work again, and this time at the climax of the pain, I collapse.

OTTO

He's passed out.

One of the stooges rolls back my eyelid then nods to Mr. England.

MR. ENGLAND

Tie him up and stay here with him. You two come with me.

He leads the stooges off. Their departing footsteps are heard -- then the slam of a big door. Silence. Otto gets up, starts searching the room. He mutters to himself.

OTTO

Rope -- rope -- I haven't got any rope.

ME

What did you say?

I am in full possession of my senses.

OTTO

I haven't got any rope.

On Otto's face as he slowly realizes the situation

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. YACHT - DAY

59 Mr. England goes up the gangplank, at the top of which there waits for him a red-faced and very expensively dressed good-time Charlie, clearly the owner of the yacht.

THE GOOD-TIME CHARLIE  
You Kellar?

MR. England  
(equally  
genial)  
That's right.

The G.T. Charlie takes his hand and shakes it heartily.

THE GOOD-TIME CHARLIE  
Glad to meet you, my boy.

MR. ENGLAND  
A pleasure, sir.

Free of the handshake, he examines his knuckle. Sucking it tenderly, he follows the good-time Charlie out of the frame.

EXT. SUN DECK - DAY

60 Through an awning a noon sun glows down on a dozen men, most of them Latin, a couple of them Yankees, some Central Europeans, and one Asiatic. All are standing as the good-time Charlie leads Mr. England into the scene.

THE GOOD-TIME CHARLIE  
Well, here he is boys!

Mr. England goes from one to the other shaking hands. The atmosphere is very pleasantly formal. Then there is the sound of a plane. Everyone looks up.

EXT. HARBOR - DAY

61 A big seaplane roars out of the sky and makes a landing in the harbor. When the door of the plane opens, there is revealed the considerable bulk of General Torres!

Otto has just lifted a machine gun out of a packing case. I stand over him. He is bathed in sweat and very scared.

ME

You know how to work it?

OTTO

Yes, sir.

ME

You're nice and helpful, Otto.

OTTO

You said you'd kill me if I wasn't.

ME

(genial)  
That's right.

(I look  
at the  
machine  
gun)

You're going to have to teach me all about this.

EXT. SUN DECK OF THE YACHT - DAY

General Torres is being led into the convention just as Mr. England was before him.

THE GOOD-TIME CHARLIE

-- Right on time, General! Say, what's all this stuff about you people never being on schedule? Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! You know everybody?

Everybody prepares for more cordiality, but Torres waves this aside.

TORRES

Quiero una copita.

ONE OF THE CENTRAL EUROPEANS

(firmly)

May we talk, please, in English, General.

TORRES

I want a drink.

(CONTINUED)

THE GOOD-TIME CHARLIE

I'll get it for you, General.  
Scotch?

TORRES

Estoy muy preocupado.

During the following, the good-time Charlie goes into the cabin bar and makes a drink for Torres.

ONE OF THE LATINS

Preocupado?

CENTRAL EUROPEAN NO.1

(severely)  
In English, please.

TORRES

I said I was upset.

The good-time Charlie has come back with a highball.  
Torres takes the drink and sits heavily in a wicker chair.

TORRES (cont'd)

I don't know how to tell you  
this -- we've lost one of our  
best men.

Murmurs of concern.

TORRES (cont'd)

(warming  
to his  
subject)  
You, Faberhoff -- you're  
Faberhoff, aren't you?

Faberhoff, (Central European No.1) bows in acknowledgment.

TORRES (cont'd)

You, particularly -- you'll be  
sorry to hear this.

(slight  
pause - then  
with effect)  
Mr. England is dead.

A stunned silence.

(CONTINUED)

ORIENTAL

I beg pardon?

TORRES

Kellar. -- He died in the jungle, poor fellow. I just got word of it. He fell in a canyon. They had to bury him right away. A good man -- very talented.

MR. ENGLAND

Who are you speaking of, General?

TORRES

Kellar! Naturally! --  
Mr. England --  
(looking  
at him)  
Who are you?

MR. ENGLAND

I'm Mr. England.

Torres looks at him, reaches in his belt, pulls out a pistol and prepares to shoot. Great commotion at this - in several languages.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

64 The machine gun is in working order. Otto and I are on good terms, but he's still very scared.

ME

How do you like Mexico, Otto?

OTTO

I like it. I got a girl here.

ME

You work fast.

OTTO

No, sir.

ME

Twenty-four hours? When did that sub get here?

(CONTINUED)

OTTO

I didn't come on a submarine.  
I been here four months. I  
came with some machinery.

(by way of  
explanation)

They always send fellows with  
machinery -- to show how it's  
worked --

ME

What kind of machinery?

OTTO

I don't know --

ME

You don't know?

OTTO

No. I guess it was tractors or  
something. I'm a radio expert.

On my face as I take this in:

DISSOLVE

EXT. SUN DECK - DAY

65

A certain amount of order has been restored. Torres,  
anyway, has put up his gun. He and England are glaring --  
each other, and already the Congress is divided into  
several camps. An aristocratic looking, excruciatingly  
pompous Spaniard is holding the floor. His name is  
Velasquez.

VELASQUEZ

Now the lesson we learned from  
Spain was that a military  
minority with the help of  
foreign sympathizers and the  
principle of non-intervention  
can overthrow a government  
which had strong support at home  
and institute a military  
dictatorship in its place. How  
does this apply to Mexico?

TORRES

We aren't at a public meeting.

(CONTINUED)

VELASQUEZ

It means that first we must be  
assured of our foreign support.

Central European No. 1 solemnly applauds.

TORRES

Do you mind if I go and get the  
whiskey? I agree with  
everything you've said.

MR. ENGLAND

(standing  
between Torres  
and the cabin)

General, you wish to be  
assured of foreign support,  
don't you?

TORRES

Yes, I do.

MR. ENGLAND

Yet you tried to assassinate  
me.

TORRES

Not you -- not you! -- An  
impostor. We've had that all  
out.

SECOND CENTRAL EUROPEAN

You didn't know that!

TORRES

Know what?

FIRST CENTRAL EUROPEAN

That other one was a faker!

TORRES

I still don't.

FIRST CENTRAL EUROPEAN

And what does that prove?

ASIATIC

I beg your pardon?

(CONTINUED)

TORRES

Excuse me.

He goes in after the whiskey.

MR. ENGLAND

Gentlemen, -- you have a couple of bankers on your side. There'll be non-intervention here as there was in Spain. Ourselves, we'll do all we can to help Mexico --

Torres reappears from the cabin.

MR. ENGLAND (cont'd)

-- in spite of --

TORRES

The ice has melted, but it doesn't matter.

He sits down with the whiskey beside him.

VELASQUEZ

I think this part will interest you, General.

TORRES

I hope so.

MR. ENGLAND

In spite of certain Government agents and spies who --

TORRES

Of course Elena was a spy. I knew that from the beginning.

VELASQUEZ

He mentions no names.

TORRES

But he meant her.

MR. ENGLAND

The day chosen is October first. Why?

(CONTINUED)

VELASQUEZ

-- The arms here in Santiago  
will by then be delivered to  
the appropriate units  
throughout Mexico --

TORRES

Very brilliant.

Velasquez bows sarcastically.

TORRES

Too brilliant -- too European.

MR. ENGLAND

Everything must move at the  
same time. We found that out  
in Europe. The terrorist  
provocation must break out  
simultaneously all through the  
country so that the public  
will be stunned and bewildered.  
They'll realize that only a  
strong man with dictatorial  
powers can save them.  
Suggestions will be made as  
to who is the man of the hour.  
Torres restores order to his  
own state. The press demands  
that he restore order to the  
Republic. There'll be  
opposition from the unions and  
the peasant leagues. If there  
isn't, we'll make it. We'll  
jail the leaders, install our  
own people as the executives,  
rig a case against the head of  
the labor movement for  
misappropriation of union  
funds, and there we are.  
Purpose accomplished, minimum  
of discomfort for everybody;  
and Mexico at last a country  
where the rich can live in  
security.

THE GOOD-TIME CHARLIE

You stick to October first?

MR. ENGLAND

It's essential. What's most  
important is to keep it secret.--  
Absolutely secret.

(CONTINUED)

TORRES

I'm glad to hear you agree  
with me.

MR. ENGLAND

The plan isn't yours.

Enter stooge with a portable radio in his hand.

MY VOICE ON THE RADIO

-- to all the Americas!

THE STOOGES

Listen!

MY VOICE ON THE RADIO

-- Everyone of you Americans  
from Cape Cod to the Cape of  
Good Hope -- I want you to  
listen to me. What I've got  
to tell you is important, --

FIRST CENTRAL EUROPEAN

(over  
this last  
sentence)

Who is it?

THE STOOGES

Mr. England.

Sensation!

THE STOOGES (cont'd)

He says he's Mr. England.

TORRES

(pointing  
to Mr.  
England)

This man is an imposter!

At this, a certain amount of hell breaks loose, but cooler heads prevail (in two or three languages) and everybody shuts up to listen to the radio. (It is important to note that from here to the finish of this entire sequence, my speech is continuous.)

(CONTINUED)

-- very important! You haven't  
any reason to believe me. But  
this time you've got to. I'm  
telling the truth. --

THE GOOD-TIME CHARLIE

(under  
this last  
sentence)  
Where's he broadcasting from?

MR. ENGLAND

(pointing  
it out)  
There's the station. -- He  
must be speaking from there.

Mr. England starts away, but my next words on the radio  
stop him.

MY VOICE

-- Listen! Listen to this!

EFFECT.

MY VOICE (cont'd)

Hear that sound? - The sound of  
ticking?  
(Pause)

EFFECT very clear.

MY VOICE (cont'd)

-- That's a time bomb. I don't  
know just when it's going to  
explode. But I think that  
before it does, there'll be  
just enough time for me to tell  
you about October first.

VFLASQUEZ

The date! That's the date!

ONE OF THE LATINS

Now everyone knows it!

ANOTHER LATIN

Silencio!

(CONTINUED)

## MY VOICE

-- I want you to know all about October first before I die. You see, I'm going to die any minute now because I'm holding the time bomb in my hand. --

A moment's pause filled with the sound of ticking.  
Then Mr. England starts away.

## THE GOOD-TIME CHARLIE

Where're you going?

## MR. ENGLAND

I'm going to shut up that dumbkopf.

## FIRST CENTRAL EUROPEAN

You'll be killed!

## MR. ENGLAND

Not if I get there in time.

As he leaves, CAMERA STARTS SLOWLY CLOSING IN on the radio.

## MY VOICE

(during  
the above)

-- I'm broadcasting from a munitions dump.

(in the  
clear)

This microphone is located in a warehouse containing over a thousand tons of high explosives. Need I say that when this bomb you hear, explodes, it'll make a pretty big noise. You won't hear that, of course, because the first second it happens, this station will go dead. You won't hear anything from Santiago after that. And if you should come to the island of Santiago, you wouldn't see anything either. --

66-  
68

The faces of the conspirators.

VELASQUEZ

The date; -- How the very name  
of the munitions dump!

THE GOOD-TIME CHARLIE

Why does he want that bomb?  
He's blown us up already.

Over their faces --

MY VOICE

-- Maybe if you got here in  
time, -- and you'd have to  
come quick -- you'd see a big  
steam yacht making out to sea.  
It might be interesting for  
you to know who's on board. --

On this --

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INT. A GOVERNMENT OFFICE IN MEXICO CITY - DAY

69

CLOSE SHOT - a big chart -- the island of Santiago, almost filling the screen. A pencil in someone's hand checks the location.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal interior of a government office in Mexico City. My voice continues from a small radio in the office. Several officials are listening. One of them is at the chart. Another goes to a phone.

MY VOICE

-- I think you'd find big men in the Americas. The wrong kind of big men, of course, and I think you'd find some men who don't belong in the Americas at all. --

OFFICIAL

(on the  
telephone)

Larga distancia -- Washington.

DISSOLVE

INT. LOWER MIDDLE CLASS AMERICAN HOME - DAY

70

A family to match is grouped around the radio.

MY VOICE

(on this)

-- These, the ones that don't belong --

FATHER

(at phone)

Hello -- is this the Inquirer? --

MY VOICE

-- They're the real power in this revolution --

FATHER

(at phone)

Say -- there's a fellow on the radio --

DISSOLVE CUT

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. FACADE OF A MUSIC STORE - MEXICAN TOWN - DAY

71 CLOSE SHOT - a big loud-speaker.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to show the facade of a music store in a large Mexican town, a crowd of Mexicans of various classes gathered before the loud-speaker.

MY VOICE  
-- this first revolution. --  
Several are planned. --

A Mexican is translating my words to the crowd.

MEXICAN  
Dice que habran muchas  
revoluciones...que quieren mucho  
en esto hemisferio.

A MAN IN THE CROWD  
(shouts)  
Don't believe him! It's a lie!

The crowd turns and stares at this man. He backs away from them and hurries off.

MY VOICE  
(during this)  
-- It seems they think we've  
got too much liberty in our part  
of the world, and so they're  
going to take as much away from  
us as they can. -- In Mexico as  
everywhere else --

DISSOLVE

EXT. SUN DECK OF THE YACHT - DAY

72

MY VOICE  
-- There are plenty of selfish  
and cowardly men to help them  
do it. People of Mexico -- of  
all the Americas - I beg you  
not to listen to these men!

(CONTINUED)

A medley of languages in various pitches of consternation.

THE G.T. CHARLIE-C VOICE

(over this)

Better get steam up, Captain.

We'll leave as soon as possible!

DISSOLVE

INT. PRESIDENT'S PALACE - MEXICO CITY - DAY

73 A group of responsible-looking officials at a radio.

MY VOICE

-- On the sixteenth of September  
the people of Mexico celebrate  
their Independence Day. The  
President rings a bell and cries  
out in the Square - "Viva  
Mexico! Viva La Republica!"  
Years ago, a priest named  
Hioalco rang that bell and gave  
that cry for the first time in  
that country. They call it the  
Grito. -- Well, here's another  
Grito. I hope it'll be heard.  
-- I hope --

Sudden silence. The sound of ticking has stopped too. --  
Complete silence. The men strain to listen. -- Silence  
still --

INT. EXPENSIVE LOOKING BAR IN RIO DE JANEIRO - DAY

74 Men, and women too, who have gotten up from their tables  
and are gathered by the radio at the bar, listening --

EXT. FRONT OF THE MUSIC STORE - MEXICAN TOWN - DAY

75 The loud-speaker. The Mexicans listening. Silence.

INT. GOVERNMENT OFFICE - MEXICO CITY - DAY

76 The officials listening. The one at the phone lowers the  
receiver.

77 American officials. A man at a phone, like the other in Mexico City - not listening to the phone but to the dead radio.

INT. LOWER MIDDLE CLASS AMERICAN HOME - DAY

78 The family listening.

THE FATHER  
That must have been an awful  
explosion.

DISSOLVE

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

79 I am standing by the microphone. In one hand, I hold an alarm clock! The machine gun is on the table before me. Otto is at the transmitter.

ME  
(whispering)  
You sure we're cut off?

OTTO  
Yes, sir.

ME  
Let's make a good job of it.

I yank out some tubes and wires and crack up a little more of the machinery.

ME (cont'd)  
Now get over there.

OTTO  
Yes, sir.  
(gets over  
there)

MR. ENGLAND'S VOICE  
Raise your hands!

Mr. England is in the doorway with a gun. I raise my hands. He steps past me to the microphone.

(CONTINUED)

MR. ENGLAND (cont'd)  
Ladies and gentlemen --

He hasn't seen the machine gun.

ME  
It's too late, Mr. England ---

I throw myself on the machine gun. He wheels to face me.

ME (cont'd)  
-- You're off the air -- !

Pause.

MR. ENGLAND  
I could kill you before you  
pull that trigger.

ME  
Want to try?

Mr. England doesn't want to.

ME (cont'd)  
What's happened to your nerve?  
It took a lot to come in here  
all by yourself -- and me with  
a time bomb. --

MR. ENGLAND  
That wasn't a time bomb.

ME  
-- And you all alone ---

My gun still trained on Mr. England, I have been backing  
toward the doorway. Here Senor Tom waits for me, with him  
a couple of his thugs and Mr. England's. I don't know  
about this.

MR. ENGLAND  
Look behind you.

(CONTINUED)

ME

(still backing up)  
That old trick, Mr. England? I  
may have lost my memory --

A VOICE OUTSIDE

Arriba - las manos! Todo el  
mundo!

I turn sharply to confront my assailants. They have all  
raised their hands! To my amazement, they march meekly  
into the warehouse, (keeping a respectful eye on my  
machine gun).

ME

Roberto!

It is Roberto. He stands in the doorway with a gun.

ROBERTO

(to the thugs -  
Mr. England  
included)  
Ponganse en formacion!  
(to me)  
Is there a way out except this?

ME

No. Come on.

We back out of the door.

EXT. BEFORE THE WAREHOUSE - DAY

80 We slam the door shut, driving home the belt, then we run  
for it - down to the shore.

ROBERTO

(to me as  
we run)  
Do you know how to work that  
thing?

He's talking about my machine gun.

ME

I don't think so.

(CONTINUED)

ROBERTO

Better throw it away.

ME

No. I like having it around.

We reach a small boat with an outboard motor. Roberto tries to start it. It kicks and fails. He tries again.

ME (cont'd)

How far can we get in this thing?

ROBERTO

Nowhere, I guess.

We hear a crash.

ROBERTO (cont'd)

The skylight! -- We forgot about that!

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

81 A LONG SHOT of the warehouse. The skylight is being splintered out with the butt of a rifle. A couple of thugs pull themselves up onto the roof and then drag Mr. England and some others up after them. Roberto still struggles with the motor. The thugs take aim at us and fire. The motor starts. We're off. The firing continues

EXT. BEFORE WAREHOUSE - DAY

82 Mr. England empties his gun at us - throws it away. He starts toward the edge of the roof. Senor Tom tries to stop him. Mr. England brushes him off and jumps. It's a long jump. He breaks his leg. He picks himself up and hops very quickly down to the shore in another launch.

EXT. SHORE - DAY

83 Our boat. Roberto and I are watching this.

ME

Is he coming after us?

(CONTINUED)

ROBERTO  
There comes Torres! Look!  
Already the boat's going!

ME  
Which boat?

ROBERTO  
The yacht. They're running away!

ME  
What are we doing?

ROBERTO  
Racing Torres for my plane. I  
wrecked his.

ME  
All right -- what's England up to?

A shot! Then another! And another! We throw ourselves  
on the bottom of the boat. The bullets skip in the water.  
Torres and his gang are making towards us. They are in a  
motor launch shooting at us. But we manage to get to the  
plane. --

EXT. ENGLAND'S LAUNCH - DAY

84 He sees what's up -- changes his course violently, almost  
upsetting himself, and starts toward the submarine. Its  
tower can be seen in the distance.

EXT. AT AIRPLANE - DAY

85 Torres and his gang in their boat, their hands raised. --  
I cling to the machine gun, which is why their hands are  
raised. They still coast towards me. Roberto goes on  
struggling with the engine of the plane. The launch  
bumps into the pontoons of the plane. This upsets Torres  
and his gang, Torres particularly. They make an immediate  
mess of themselves. Our airplane engine starts up with a  
roar. As I pull myself in, the plane plunges across the  
water, spraying Torres just as he rises to his feet, and  
knocking him down again. The plane rockets into the sky  
-- grows quickly smaller in the distance. -- The yacht is  
well on its way. -- Mr. England, alone, hurries out over  
the water toward the dark outline of the submarine. Now,  
as he approaches it, the submarine starts slowly to  
submerge. The futile race continues, but before he reaches  
it, even the periscope of the submarine has sunk from view  
and Mr. England is on his own. On a very full shot of his  
lonely figure.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. AT PLANE - DAY

86

It plunges down past a fringe of jungle and makes a landing on the field of Poza Baja, the emergency field where I arrived from Mexico City. I jump out. Roberto follows me. He points to the other side of the field. There is Elena! I start towards her. She starts toward me. I call out:

ME  
Hello, Elena! -- Hello! I'm  
not Mr. England!

ELENA  
What?

ROBERTO  
(some distance  
behind me)  
It's true!

ME  
I'm somebody else!

ELENA  
I don't understand!

ME  
I don't either! But I'm somebody  
else!

We keep on, hurrying towards each other. Now we are only a dozen feet apart.

ME (cont'd)  
I'm somebody else!

I reach her. Roberto is running towards us. Over his shoulder, Elena and I are seen to embrace -- two tiny figures on the hot field.

87

SHOT - Elena and me. My head is on her shoulder, her face toward the camera. Roberto comes into the scene, breathless.

ROBERTO  
It's true!

(CONTINUED)

He looks. I am motionless. Elena turns slowly to Roberto,  
a beautiful little smile on her face.

ROBERTO

What's wrong with him?

ELENA

He's asleep.

88 CLOSE SHOT - Elena's tender expression as she puts her  
face next to mine.

FADE OUT

THE END